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75¢

WESTERN MAINE PERSPECTIVES

JULY NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTY ONE

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER SEVEN

Festival Franco-American en Lewiston

The Glorious Days of Poland Spring

Winslow Homer by Martin Dibner

Gems In The Hills

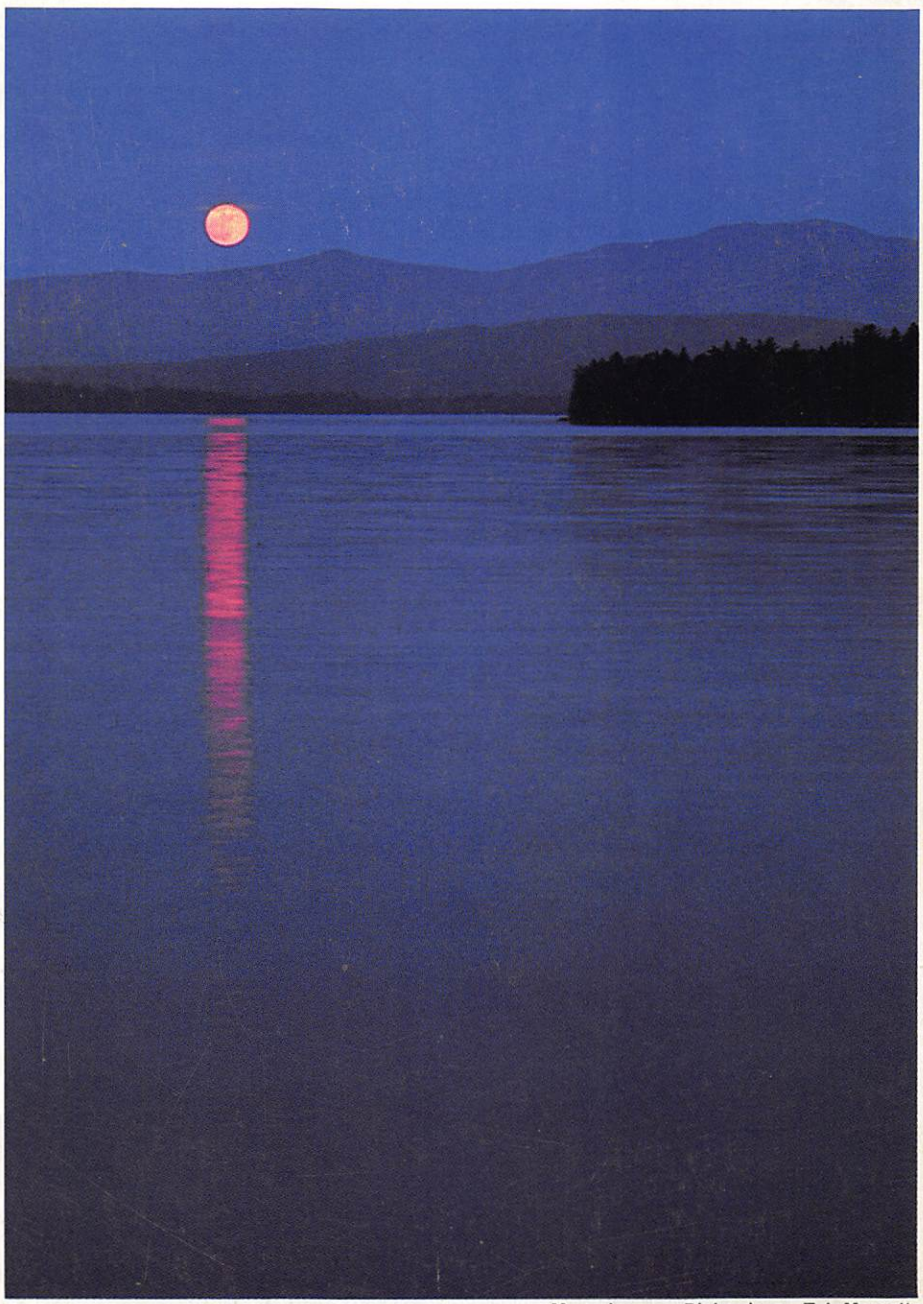
Canoeing the Ellis & Saco

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Moonrise over Richardson—T.J. Marcotte

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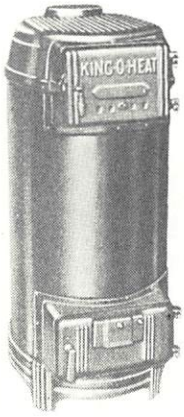
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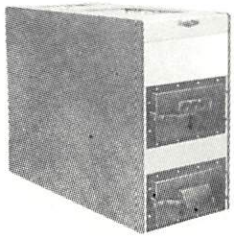
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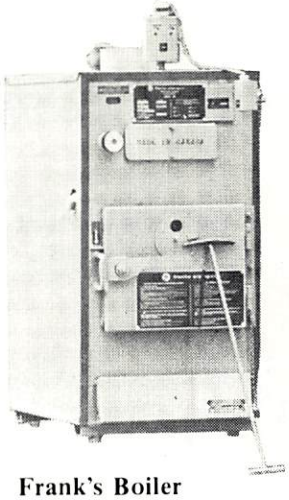
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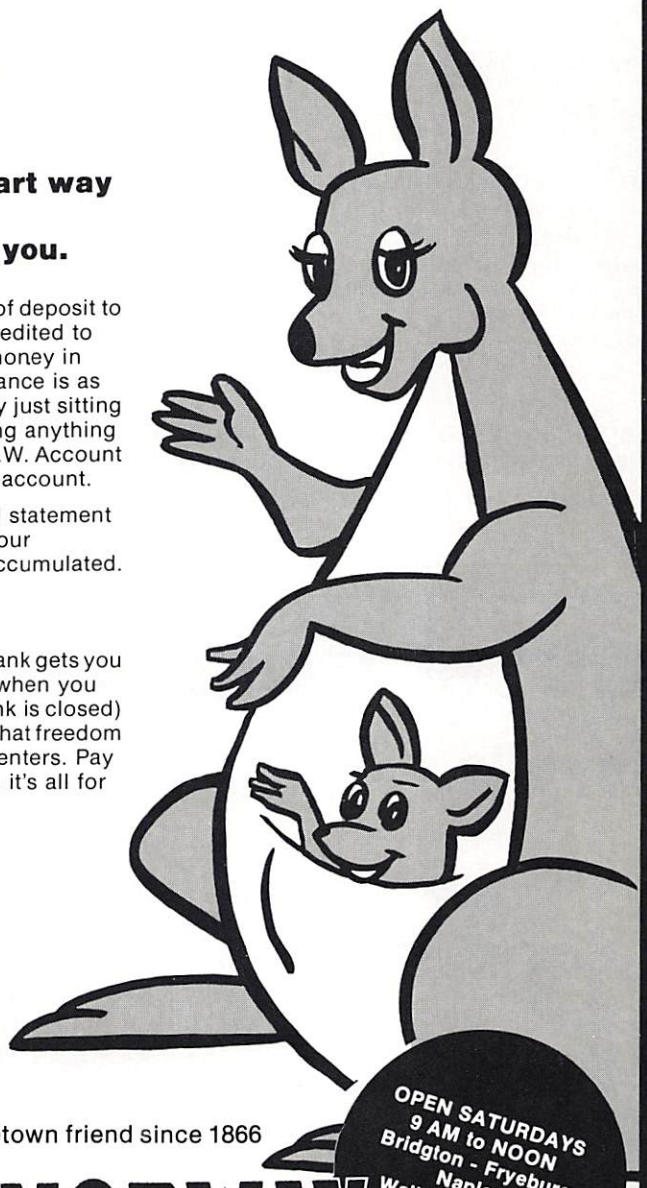
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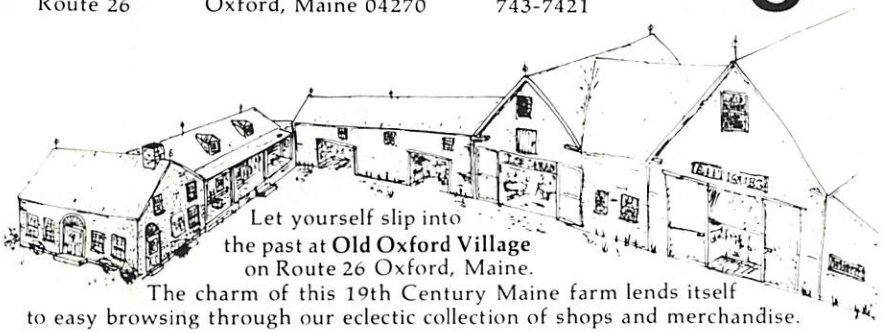
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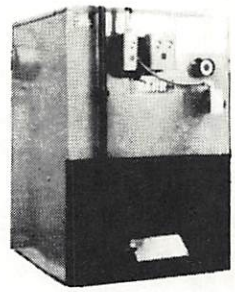
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Bridgton Academy Class Picnic at Albany Basin, 1896

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BitterSweet

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Bitter Sweet Views

It's one of those funny things about human nature that something someone says will often trigger an idea or a memory that blossoms into a new project. That's just how it was with this month's issue. Last March in a story by T. Jewell Collins called "Come Sit Under My Apple Tree," Margaret Sawyer of Waterford shared a happy childhood memory of an ice cream they called **Six Threes**: "The recipe called for three cups of milk and three cups of cream and three cups of sugar mixed together until the sugar dissolved. Then it was frozen in a crank freezer to a mush. Next the juices of three lemons and three oranges were added, along with three mashed bananas. We kept cranking until the ice cream was made."

That delightful reminiscence never made it to the final copy, but it certainly sparked an idea which culminated in the ice cream recipes you will find in this issue.

Other sparks of ideas have borne rich fruit for many authors in this month's magazine, too. Don't miss the Martin Dibner article on the inimitable Winslow Homer, our cover artist—Mr. Dibner took time off from working on his latest novel to write it for us.

In addition, focus your attention on the **Goings On** this month—mid-summer is the busiest of seasons for festivals, sales, and old home days, and we have a detailed listing of things to do beginning on page 18.

As busy as we get around here in July, we try not to forget the simple pleasures of summer. The Fourth will find us celebrating a tradition that's only a couple of years old with us . . . we have friends who live on top of a mountain over in Waterford—from where it's breathtakingly possible to see two or three fireworks shows at once, from as far as 50 miles away. Maybe this year we can make a little ice cream for the picnic!

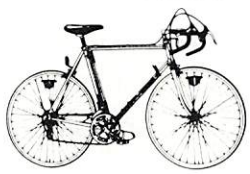
In your July hustle and bustle, don't forget the old-fashioned good times, of which **BitterSweet** is one. And please don't forget to mention to our advertisers that you saw their ad in **BitterSweet**—it will help us be around until another July.

Nancy Marcotte

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We enjoy the articles that are in the BitterSweet and think it's great that people in the area can have a publication to record our cherished past and also a place for new authors to publish their works. Thank you to all who work so hard to make this magazine so interesting.

Morris Tucker
Newmarket, N.H.

Page 40 . . .

Heading Out



Canoeing the Saco—
a peaceful trip for all ages

Family Canoe Trips on the Ellis River and Saco River

by Jane Chandler

Oxford County offers much good canoeing, spring, summer, and fall. We're delighted with the variety of canoe trips available. This area has many ponds and lakes if you just want to get away; its rivers go from the peaceful, flat streams to the most challenging of whitewater. The white water is limited most by the water level and offers the best canoeing in the spring. I love the excitement of whitewater but I'll save that for another article. River canoeing gives you a current to move you along and wildlife to look at on the banks. There's peacefulness to be found on a quiet river.

Here is a sampler of some river canoe trips in this area, both close and beautiful. I'm calling them family canoe trips because their ease is such that even the youngest canoeist in the family can navigate down the rivers. How young is too young? We just went with our 2-month-old son in a front pack and our 2-and-a-half-year-old daughter in a life jacket, but you know your family best. The Saco River from North Conway, New Hampshire to Brownfield and Hiram, Maine, is a very peaceful river with lots of opportunities for swimming. The Ellis River from Andover to Rumford Point offers slightly more of a challenge, much beauty, and is certainly less used than the Saco.

Saco River

The Saco River is a trip to take on a sunny day when you and the kids want to get away. I love its view of the mountains, including Pleasant Mountain, and its many sandy beaches. It meanders along through Fryeburg area at a peaceful rate. This section is long enough to allow one or two nights of camping for an overnight trip. Really close to civilization, it's never more than two or three miles from a road. Yet it seems totally isolated. There are only a few camps on the river. The road is visible only at a couple of places where it actually crosses the river.

The Saco River is shallow, but it is canoeable most of the summer. Fed by mountain streams, the river can rise

Page b . . .



Feldspar mining at the A. C. Perham Quarry in West Paris, winter of 1923-24. Spar loaded into these wheelbarrows was taken to waiting wagons

Gems Of The Hills Minerals in Oxford County

by Jane Perham

Something exciting is happening in the Oxford Hills region. For whatever reason, many of us have plunged deep into an enthusiastic study of this place we call "home." The interest began with the arrival of our earliest settlers and continues to the present. We're realizing that our area is very special indeed, and for many different reasons.

The host of mineral specimens which have been harvested from the craggy ledges of the Oxford Hills are an important and valuable part of our heritage. For some they have provided enjoyment as they do today, but they have also been a means of earning a living to others who have been willing to undertake the rigorous task of mining.

For nearly two hundred years eager hands have collected these specimens solely for their beauty or rarity. These collectors increase in number each year and people begin to poke about the quarries and ledges with the first melting of the winter's snows. Many of our native minerals have travelled far to take a place in a collection with other fine specimens. Few mineral collections are considered to be complete without a representation from the quarries of Oxford County. The ledges of our "back yards" have been considered a mecca to mineral enthusiasts and naturalists all over the world for many years.

A search for the minerals in our area began when the first pioneers arrived and began to work the land. As they developed farmlands and homes, many became attracted to the colorful rocks that were uncovered. Despite the harsh demands of pioneer life, some found time to become even better acquainted with these intriguing specimens that were scattered about. It's quite likely that some of our settlers considered such a thing as mineral collecting far down the list of priorities, but natural curiosity prevailed nonetheless.

Page 32 . . .

. . . Page a Family Canoe Trips .

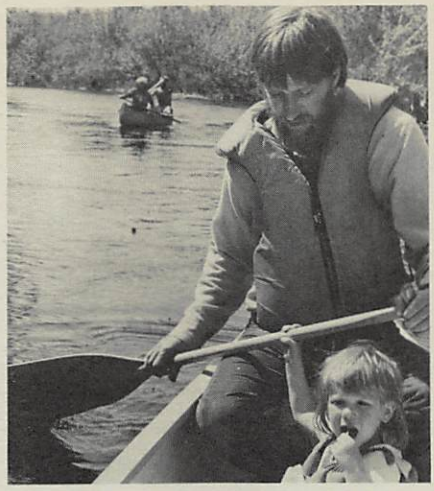
quickly after a rainstorm. Therefore the best place to pitch a tent might *not* be right next to the river bank on the sand beach. It is a great river for learning how to canoe. I would much rather learn how to steer on a river free of rocks where it wouldn't matter if the canoe accidentally tipped. In most places all you have to do is stand up.

Because of its beauty, the Saco is very popular. I remember seeing 30 canoes in front of me on one of the longer stretches. That may not bother you at all, but personally, I like a quieter trip, where the only noises are my own and nature's.

Access and Camping On The Saco

There are three approved campsites on the Saco River. The campground at Walker's Rips has six shelters—this is two and a half miles downstream of the lower Route 302 bridge in Fryeburg (see River Sketch). The town of Fryeburg has a campground (Canal Bridge Campground) at the Route 5 bridge in Fryeburg. Both of these campgrounds have excellent sand beaches and swimming. The Appalachian Mountain Club (A.M.C.) has a campground at Swan's Falls. All of the campgrounds can be reached by car, making them good beginning or ending places. The rest of the land along the river is privately owned—please don't spend the night in someone else's backyard.

The upper Saco is smaller, quicker, and canoeable only in the spring with higher water. Any place on the river from Center Conway on is good canoeing most of the year. There is a portage around Swan's Falls and its dam. To avoid that portage, I suggest starting at Swan's Falls or at Canal Bridge Campground and the Route 5 bridge in Fryeburg. Then is seven and a half miles to the Route 302 bridge. Two and a half miles more brings you to Walker's Rips Campground; five and a half miles more brings you to the Route 160 bridge in East Brownfield, a good take-out spot. (15-1/2 miles total from Canal Bridge.) Thirteen more miles take you to Hiram Route 113 bridge. (To take out in Hiram go under the bridge. Then canoe through a large culvert under the road to the left. This takes you to a quiet pond with a road conveniently close.)



Jim Chandler and daughter Becky—family canoe trips can include small children when rules are understood

If you choose a great picnic spot on a deserted sandbar, please leave it cleaner than you found it. That is the only way the Saco will maintain its beauty.

Ellis River

The next level of canoe trip I'd recommend for family canoeing is the Ellis River from Andover to Rumford Point. It connects to the Androscoggin if a longer trip is desired. The Ellis River is a bit more advanced because of its slightly stronger current, but it's still a beginner's canoe trip. It's biggest advantage over the Saco is that it is less travelled. My family was just on the Ellis for Memorial Day and we saw only one other canoe not in our group.

The banks of the Ellis are privately owned, so no overnight camping. And leave nothing behind you: we all like nice secluded rivers, not ones littered with trash. Much of the land near the bank is farmland, making it wise not to drink the water. The Ellis has several overhanging trees, some with swifter current around them. There are several gravel and sand bars along the meandering river which make great picnic spots. Some of the banks are high and make great homes for the bank swallows. Just watching the birds flying around their homes can be fascinating by

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A Maine Nurse In World War I France

by Daphne W. Merrill



Marion Parsons, late of Fryeburg, was at the head of the nurses and doctors who made up the Harvard Unit in 1915—the first American unit to go to the assistance of the Allies in World War I. Miss Parson's appointment was Matron of the Unit and of any volunteers for overseas duty. Her assignment was the battlefront hospitals.

Educated in the Fort Fairfield schools, she decided at the age of 15 upon a career in nursing, and she entered Boston College Hospital in 1902 for a rigorous nurses' training course. This school had opened at Boston City Hospital in 1877, the fifth such school in the United States. As a probationary student, Marion would go on duty at 7 a.m., have a half-hour for lunch, a half-hour for supper, go off duty at 8 p.m., and study until lights out at 10 p.m.

For five days each week, Miss Parsons would spend eleven out of thirteen hours in actual ward duty. On Sundays she was allowed four hours off, and on one afternoon a week she was free from 1:30 to 8:00 p.m. It was during this strict probationary period that she began to realize the importance of individual progress rather than a general standard for all; later, when she had charge of her own students, she checked each student's achievement before continuing to the next problem.

Boston College Hospital suffered many drawbacks. In 1869, for example, tents were used during the summer for the care of all surgical patients except the dangerously ill, while the hospital wards were being renovated. At one time, a windstorm destroyed the entire tent set-up but failed to change its continued use.

Another time of crisis for Miss Parsons was in 1898 when, at the short notice of only four days, preparations had to be made to admit more than 200 wounded soldiers returning from Cuba. The number eventually reached more than 300. These were Spanish American War casualties, and the tent area and a small wooden building nearby became known as "Shantiago." The wooden floors of the tents were raised as much as possible because the terrain was swampy; double canvas tents struggled to keep out rain and heat. There were two tents of 16 beds each; two of 10 beds each; and five of four beds each. Both nurse and patient preferred the tent section to the wooden house because the patient care was better in the tents, and there was some air moving.

After her graduation from Boston College Hospital, Marion Parsons stayed on as head nurse, at $35 per month. Later, she admitted that she saved practically nothing from this salary—which is not surprising! She went from Boston College to Boothby Hospital in Boston as an operating nurse, and from there (in 1909) to San Francisco as Superintendent of Nurses at the old City and County Hospital, now known as San Francisco General. Here, she attended patients afflicted with Bubonic Plague, a dreaded disease springing, apparently, from the San Francisco fire of a few years previous. During that emergency, even race track stables served as emergency hospital wards, some with as many as 100 beds. Miss Parsons certainly had no easy time of her early nursing years.

In 1910 she returned to the east to become head nurse at Boston City Hospital. She enrolled in the Teachers College at Columbia University in 1912 and in 1914 became instructor at the Training School for Nurses at the New York City Hospital. In her words, this hospital "received all the discards from other city institutions."

In 1915, the Harvard Unit was the first American unit formed to go to the assistance of the Allies in World War I. Because the United States had not yet entered the war, Miss Parsons, wanting action, volunteered

for duty overseas with a united attached to the British War Department (one of 75 nurses and 35 doctors). From England, she was transferred to France and served as chief nurse with a unit that stayed in France throughout the entire war, and remained on duty even after the war had ended.

Once again, Miss Parsons found herself confronted with tents as accommodations. Mud was a continual harassment, causing trench foot and pneumonia. Just as during the Spanish-American War, casualties came in by the hundreds, rising to 900 the day after the Battle of Sommes. She always referred to that day as the "worst day" of her war service.

Another bad day came in September, 1915, with the arrival of casualties from the Battle of Loos—a battle the normally-reticent Miss Parsons said repeatedly was a "terrible slaughter."

When Boston College prepared a similar unit to the one in which she was serving, she returned to the States to sign up with her old alma mater. Once there, she took over the task of head nurse at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital until July, 1918, when she joined the Boston College Unit and returned to the battlefields of France. She was delighted to find that her new assignment offered wooden huts in lieu of tents; it was here that the nurse from Maine spent most of her military service time.

The Red Cross, in the latter part of 1919, asked Marion to establish a training school for nurses at Prague, Czechosolovakia, which she did. She served as head of the school of 60 pupils for three-and-one-half years, teaching American nursing techniques and systems. Upon her departure, she returned again to Boston City Hospital, where she remained until her retirement.

She had instructed well in anatomy, physiology, bacteriology, and materia medica; but her retirement to a Cape Cod house in Fryeburg, Maine, brought new challenges. She had to learn to cook (eventually becoming very proficient in the culinary arts); she had to learn the correct procedures for laundering, the fundamentals of sewing; she had to provide a home for her brother and herself. She often said that her two first friends in Fryeburg were *Fanny Farmer* (cookbook) and *Good Housekeeping* (magazine)! She also learned to relax with her own piano playing and classical recordings.



Red Cross Post, France

At the outbreak of the next World War, Miss Parsons again turned her efforts to the Red Cross—knitting, sewing, conducting home nursing courses. Soon after the end of this war, on the 30th Anniversary of the establishment of the Prague Nursing Training School, she received a special invitation to attend its ceremony. Her two-page reply showed that she held fond, nostalgic remembrances of the city, the hospital, and especially the personnel, but made a pointed comment that she had found a life of serenity and contentment in her retirement, from which security she honestly had no inclination to roam.

By 1955 her eyesight had begun to dim and the last book that she ever read was Churchill's *History of the English Speaking People*. She had fulfilled her unpretentious girlhood wishes: to go to college, to see England, and to have a Cape Cod house in Maine. But far more important recognition was yet to come to her.

She received a document presented by the medical officers and nurses of the 22nd General Hospital British Expeditionary Force in France; a medal from Czechosolovakia; the American Red Cross Foreign Service bar; and a badge from the Czech State School of Nursing in Prague.

Marion Parsons died in August, 1968, a plain, unassuming, and humble woman who had truly given of herself throughout her entire life. She exemplified the ideal career woman, having a sincere devotion to her duty and a wish to share her knowledge with others.

Nurses' Tea: Miss Parsons at right



The author has taught several languages in high schools and was an Associate Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Maine. She lives in Auburn; has had two books of poetry published and one on **The Lakes Of Maine**.

Festival Franco-Americain July 19-26 Juillet

C'est Si Bon!

by Denis Ledoux

Festival is not only a time for Franco-Americans to renew contact with an ancestral past and to forge a present built on that past but for all Central Mainers to come to a deeper understanding and appreciation of a people who form about thirty percent of Maine's population

This summer, as every summer for the last five years, a bit of magic will descend on Lewiston. During the late-July days, performing and exhibition tents and carousels will materialize benath the maples and oaks of Kennedy Park. Crowds will appear. There will even be a café-tent where foot-weary visitors will be able to come and rest over a glass of French wine.

The magic is called Festival (pronounced, *à la française*: Fes-ti-vahl)—this year slated to run from July 19 to the 26th.

About 150,000 people are expected to be in the large downtown Kennedy Park at some time during the week. You're almost sure to meet someone you know—no matter where you're from! It has become axiomatic in Lewiston to go to the Festival to meet the people you haven't had a chance to see since last July! (One year, it took me an hour to go from the gazebo where the opening ceremonies had just concluded to the wine-and-cheese party being held fifty yards away. That year I did not arrive in time for the *vin-et-fromage*—but, *c'est si bon* to meet old friends!)

Festival is a potpourri offering a bit of something for everyone—from the ethnic purist to the tawdry commercialist. It's all there at one time or another and, according to Constance Coté, Festival coordinator, this blending has assured the success of the event.

Last year, for instance, the Consulate General of Canada co-sponsored the appearance of "Ma Tante Alys," a folklore group from Sherbrooke, Quebec. The group has made a name for itself by resurrecting regional Quebecois folklore. Says Coté, "It would be difficult to present a group more pure in its ethnic concerns than this one."

Also last year, Coté continued, Festival offered Franco-American cooking demonstrations; French films at the public library across the street; a children's poster contest on what-it-means-to-me-to-be-Franco-American; Jean-Paul Poulain of Augusta singing as well as Lucie Therrien of New Hampshire doing likewise; a number of all-French choral groups from Canada and New England; some Quebecois-Franco fiddling; a soiree franco-americaine (an evening of song and humorous skits); singers Lillian Labbe and Don Hinckley of Orono; the American premier of **Bien des mots ont change**, a film about Franco-Americans that was made by a Montrealais with the sponsorship of several Canadian organizations.

There have also been plays (from Moliere to local writer Joan Laflamme-Dow) and mime as well as sidewalk French-language classes.

In addition, the *Café C'est si bon*, an open-air restaurant, provides an opportunity for leisure when one can sit sipping wine, catching French conversations along with French-language music. The restaurant serves Franco foods such as the ever-popular *tourtière*, a pork-and-potato pie; *creton*, a pork spread; *crêpes* with fillings to suit every taste; French pastries and, of course, *la soupe aux pois* (pea soup). All of this is offered at home-grown prices that make it attractive for the whole family to dine out together.

On the program too are *raconteurs* (storytellers) who relate Franco oral history in both French and English.



Mme. Festival escorted by Bert Dutil

One year, Festival mounted an extensive exhibit of Franco and Quebecois quilts, an exhibit which received favorable critical acclaim across the state. (The textile and sewing traditions are strong ones among Franco-Americans who were eagerly sought out on their Quebec and New Brunswick farms in the last century by agents of the cloth industry of New England.)

"Festival is Franco," says Cote emphatically. "Those people who want ethnic purity will find it, but we can't offer a week of just that. We need lures to get marginally-interested people to come. There isn't a festival or celebration in all of New England where you could get more Franco than at the Festival."

To highlight Franco content was certainly the intent of Festival's founders. The celebration has its origins in *la Semaine franco-americaine* (Franco-American Week) held in May 1976. This cultural breakthrough was held in the old Sparks Building (since refurbished into Oak Park, a housing complex for retirees) and was sponsored by l'Unité franco-americaine, a coalition of Franco cultural groups in Lewiston-Auburn.

Franco American Week was considered a resounding success. That summer, the city of Lewiston also sponsored its own Lewiston Summer Festival, a venture to draw people downtown and alleviate mid-summer merchandising doldrums.

During the ensuing fall and winter,

Le Festival Franco-Americain est devenu une grande fete pour tous les Francos. Le Festival fournit aux Francos et aux visiteurs des Etas-Unis et du Canada l'occasion de se rassembler dans le parc Kennedy, a Lewiston, Maine pour se divertir.

the two groups collaborated to consolidate their efforts and create the Lewiston Franco-American Summer Festival. The following summer, that of 1977, saw what was officially labelled the first Festival. This year's is number five.

In its first years, Festival encountered deficits as it tried to establish itself. Today, Festival operates in the black—a development which is attributed to sound, if conservative, management.

"The midway has attracted considerable criticism," Coté admits, "but the fact remains that Festival would go under without the licensing fees we get from the rides and the concession booths."

Daily bingo games, also under criticism, are ever popular with senior citizens who descend in droves to the park every afternoon of Festival to participate. "The games offer a social occasion for participants and a fundraiser for Festival," says Coté, who quickly adds, "People who don't like Bingo have other programs being offered them every afternoon.

"The revenues from the midway and the Bingo games, combined with grants, the income of *Café C'est si bon* , contributions, and donations of time by many individuals make it possible for Festival to return each year.

"We're here to amuse people, to create a mid-summer break, as well as to provide an extensive cultural experience," says Coté. "Without the carnival part, there would be no cultural part, either."

The festival also derives income from regular *soirées franco-americaines* held throughout the year. Soirées are always in great favor locally; churches as well as Festival depend on them for periodic fundraising.

This year, a record cut by the *Café C'est si bon* Orchestra will be on sale at Festival. It contains some of the old-time Franco favorites which always captivate the cafe crowds, and many others.

"It takes time to develop changes, to make inroads," says Coté, who is very pleased with the new record. "This is a breakthrough for us in the sense that we are beginning to see local productions which result from the influence of Festival."

The record was produced at the EAB Studios in Lewiston, the same studios which several years ago released two short-playing French records by local entertainer Louis-Philippe.

Also this year, *America's Spirit*, the Hyde School's drama group, is to present its Franco-American program. A large outdoor dance is also in the planning, as well as the usual Sunday morning (July 26) *defilé*—parade—which is among the largest in Maine.

"I invite all **BitterSweet** readers to come by the park during Festival week," says Connie Coté. "C'est si bon! Getting people together, that's what Festival is all about."

Festival is a time for people of different cultures to meet. It is not only a time for Franco-Americans to renew contact with an ancestral past and to forge a present built on that past, but for all Central Mainers to come to a deeper understanding and appreciation of a people who form about 30% of Maine's population.

More information on Festival can be obtained by calling Festival Office at (207) 784-2926 or by writing to Festival, Multi-Purpose Center, Birch Street, Lewiston, Maine 04240. A list of hotel accommodations is also available.



Square dancing at the Festival

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Don Morin on the accordian at the Cafe Entrance

Ledoux, a resident of Buckfield, is part of Lewiston's Franco-American heritage.

TEA AND SCONES AT THE ARTEMUS WARD HOUSE

For someone addicted to English novels, the idea of afternoon tea is rich with romance and refinement: crumpets, scones, trifle, blue-and-white china, cozies. It seems an elegant way to break with the hustle and bustle of the day; a time to sit back, converse, sip from delicate cups, enjoy the glowing afternoon light. It is appealing.

Paint the picture a little further: a white room with stencilled edges; tall, bare, multi-paned windows with green leaves outside; candle sconces and carriage lamps; a carved wood sideboard; soft paintings above an old mantel; caned chairs and small tables draped in crisp white tablecloths; apple blossoms perfuming the air from little English pitchers; almond and fruit tarts, tall chocolate mocha cake on a clear glass pedestal; the twinkling chandelier; and, outside, a picket fence and a quiet, peaceful village from an earlier century.

There you have some of the atmosphere created by Lynn Baker and her daughter India at the Artemus Ward House in Waterford village. One wonders what could bring two such creative and talented women from their cosmopolitan life in England to this house in Maine. (Lynn has taught in Ethiopia, lived in India, travelled all over Europe; her daughter, too, is well-travelled and plans an Irish journey this fall.) Lynn's other daughter, Liza, was a student at the University of Maine when her mother first came here to visit. The atmosphere of New England was so like that of old England that the Bakers decided to stay. Lynn, who had spent much of her time in the British Isles fixing up old houses—one of them over 250 years old—wanted to "find a nice country house here, fix it up, and settle down and do something."

The country house Lynn found to fix up was the sturdy old Artemus Ward house. Though it was the birthplace of Charles Farrar Browne, a 19th century humorist who influenced Mark Twain and amused Abraham Lincoln, still the house had been neglected as a summer residence for quite some time before it was put up for sale. The basic structure was quite sound, but it needed new



India Baker and delicacies: tarts, crumpets, scones, cake, and trifle

plumbing, wiring, some wall work, and, of course, decorating.

This the Bakers set out to do, leaving original woodwork, doors, and hardware, but adding their own unique touches to each room. It was an exciting transformation—not a restoration but a re-creation, in 20th century terms, of the elegance of the past.

They had quite a background to choose from. The Bakers used to be Californians. They also collected wonderful antiques while in England (and will be selling antiques in the future). Combining both influences with some of the original details of the Browne family home, such as old stencilling and mural patterns found on walls and one bedroom floor, resulted in a charmingly eclectic home. An Empire brocade sofa and California paintings rest easily with Colonial wing-back chairs, Eastern elephants, and an English fireplace roasting spit in a room painted an unexpected rosy pink.

A huge carousel rabbit greets you in the front hall, next to a canvas stair runner hand-stencilled by India. The bedrooms feature rolled-up quilts and antique furniture a la European hotels. The dining room is exactly as described earlier: blue and white, with individual tables, carved furniture, golden light.

Once the house was made beautiful (though they are still working on some parts), Lynn and India set about advertising their home open for afternoon tea (every day except Tuesday) and for "bed and breakfast" as well. Right now they have four guest rooms and can accommodate 8-10 visitors in a place which city dwellers and parents of local camp kids will welcome.



But why serve tea? "Tea is my favorite meal," says Lynn Baker, "and I thought it was something people would enjoy. In England it's a time to stop and relax . . . a time for socializing. Here it's a little unusual, an occasion." She feels the climate of New England is conducive to tea. And her daughter India is an expert at creating English tea delicacies.

"I love cooking and baking," says India. "It's wonderful to make extravagant desserts, for other people to eat." Her homemade crumpets and scones are delectable; the special treats are beautiful. And the regular

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feature of the house ("our baby," says India) is trifle—that glorious British sherry-soaked cake-and-jam-and-custard-and-cream delight.

Plans are currently being made for more unusual delights for summer. Beginning in July, the Artemus Ward house will probably feature "high tea"—more like a meal with sliced ham and tomatoes or meat pie and quiche—lasting until 6 p.m. And Sunday evenings will be family entertainment time when two local men—Herb Adams and Bill Wood, noted for their portrayals of Artemus Ward/Charles Farrar Browne through his humorous writings and monologues—will perform in the barn! Homemade ice cream and cake will then be served.

Outside dining under covered tables and garden landscaping will also be prepared by the Bakers. The property is certainly right for it—a wooded grove and the vista from a long lawn down to a private beach on Keoka Lake. And beyond the picket fence is a village on the National Historic Register.

Lynn and India obviously like the idea of sharing their large home with many guests. "If you live in a small village like this one, you might not get to meet a lot of people," Lynn surmises. "But I enjoy people coming here. I like to show them the house." Among those people she has shown around was Clif Reynolds of Channel 6's *People, Places, and Things* show, and his camera crew.

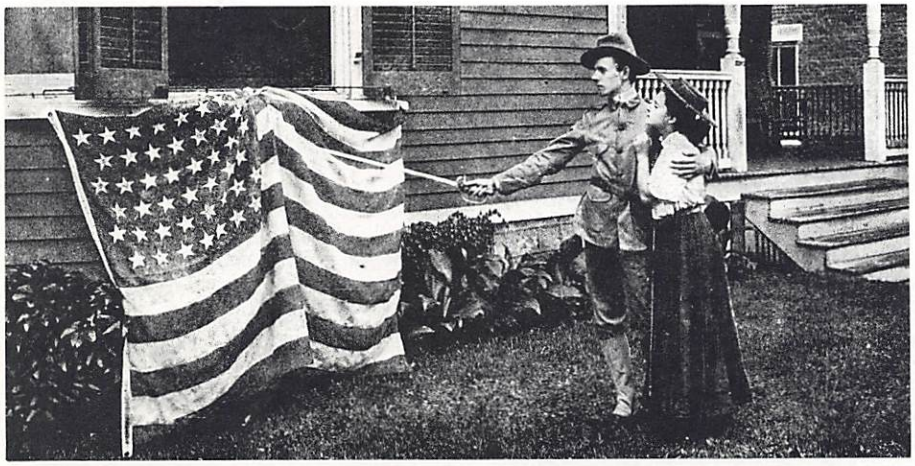
The Bakers' hospitality is in line with the long tradition of Waterford for entertaining guests; it's a town that has often seen summer boarders and tea rooms.

The affinity Lynn has with this house, however, extends beyond that. She has found that her blue and white china matches that which the Browne family once used. And, after having painted the parlor that unusual shade of pink, she found under layers of old wallpaper in an adjoining room—another rosy pink from the past. The Bakers obviously feel at home here . . . and so will you, if you stop in to visit the Artemus Ward house one afternoon for tea.

N.M.

This article marks the beginning of a series of remembrances by many authors of what life used to be like in rural Maine.

Recollections of Life Down On The Farm



THE FOURTH OF JULY

by Merton S. Parsons

Our big holidays were the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. And the Fourth, I believe, was the best of all to us kids. We would plan ahead for weeks and would save our pennies for fireworks. We generally had a little money then, having earned it "thinning corn" during June in our sweet corn fields. I remember once having forty cents to spend, which seemed like a lot of money. But I spent it all in one big splurge for fireworks, and was broke for the rest of the summer. We bought firecrackers and torpedos for noise, and Roman Candles for display. If we spent all our pocket money, as we usually did, Dad would sometimes help out a little too. We generally assembled quite a variety including a supply of "slowmatch," a slow-burning stick you could use for lighting firecrackers.

As the Fourth grew near, our anticipation became keener until we could hardly talk or think of anything else. Our program was to retire early the night before and to get up early on the morning of the Fourth, sometimes by 5 a.m., to start with the noise makers: firecrackers, torpedos, horns, and rattlers. This would wake up Mother and Dad, and sometimes the neighbors too, but once a year they could take it. By breakfast time our supply was about gone, except for the Roman Candles and rockets which were saved for the evening.

After breakfast, if there had been no serious burns or concussions, we would go out in the yard and look for duds—firecrackers that had failed to explode for some reason. These we would break in two, leaving a bit of paper to hold the pieces together, so that the result was a v-shaped affair. Then we would touch a match to the powder at the point of the v, and fire would shoot out from both "barrels." We called them "fizzlers" and thought it great fun. But before noon these were all gone, and the fireworks were over until the night display.

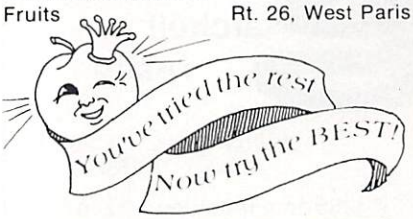
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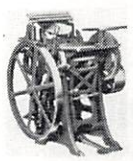


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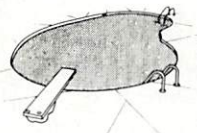
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The George Family Piano Company

Paula & Vincent George

by Pat White Gorrie



"Music will be the last thing to be phased out. No matter how bad times are, people will find a way to have it in their lives. Can you imagine what kind of a world it would be without music?"
(Words spoken by Paula George in the laundromat at South Paris)

A madonna in blue jeans, slices of walnut shells hanging from her earrings, opens the after-thought-of-a-door. Her name is Paula George. She and her husband Vincent restore pianos of ancient (or merely old-and-beat-up— vintage. They work on their own, and as sub-contractors for J. D. Furst & Son of Boston. Their brochure says it all: "Pianos Bought and Sold . . . Consignment . . . Rentals . . . Moving . . . Financing . . . Service . . . Tuning . . . Grands, Uprights, Spinets . . . Antiques, New, Reconditioned, Rebuilt . . . hundreds of vintage pianos . . . Steinway, Mason Hamlin, etc. . . . Guaranteed workmanship, plus full rebuilding services at reasonable prices . . ."

Children clamber around her as Paula welcomes you in. Elias, age 6, is decked out "formally" in his trademark: a huge bow tie. Leah, 3, a shy curly-headed moppet, hugs her mother around the legs and looks up at you with the same calm, centered expression you see mirrored in Paula's face. Samuel, the baby, is asleep.

The rooms have been added on to the original tiny trailer, one at a time, but they open into each other cozily and easily. Neat shelves hold clothes, toys, and books in meticulous order. The boys' beds are thick, padded and quilted pallets that can be rolled up when not in use.

The house-of-many-rooms is immaculate and orderly in spite of an absence of storage and closet space—compact as a ship's galley, tranquil as a Japanese teahouse. Paula's aura of artistry and gentleness permeates every nook. A pan of German blueberry cake sits cooling near the wood-fired stove. A simple hanging of feathers and beads catches the afternoon sunlight. Sheet music and books are piled near her piano. You can glimpse off the kitchen the tiny office, and the open door leading to the sauna. In the back you can watch Vincent and his apprentice, 20-year-old Dave Wilcox, string pins, fit new hammers, sand the mahogany exterior of a baby grand piano. You will find yourself stroking irresistably the satin finish of one they have reclaimed and restored to its original beauty.

A human beehive full of activity and accomplishment, mechanical, domestic, cultural, maternal. It's a place you don't hurry away from; the "bees" there are happy.

The Georges came to Maine on a honeymoon trip eight years ago.

Vinnie was one of seven kids whose only experiences roughing it were visits to his grandfather's farm. He grew up listening to music ("lots of Lebanese!"); played guitar and flute; was the sound technician for a classical jazz band. He also became adept at woodwork, mechanics, and electronics—but in the beginning there was no clear goal.

Paula was the eye of the hurricane in the tiny town of Minaville (near Amsterdam), New York, where she grew up. "There was a church, a bar, and a firehouse. That was it!" she says. She spun like a top through a whirlwind of activities from babyhood on: ballet lessons starting at age 5 made way for piano lessons, flute lessons, and the French horn. At age 12 she started playing the organ; by 14 she was a church organist and a professional. That wasn't enough. She was in the marching band and the 4-H club; piling up blue ribbons



Paula George and her children: left, Samuel; right, Leah

for cooking, sewing, sheep raising.

Surprisingly, she didn't major in music when she went on to college, but the more practical Food Service Administration at Cobleskill College. Music still lured, however—she tried out for the chorus in a theatre production and won the lead.

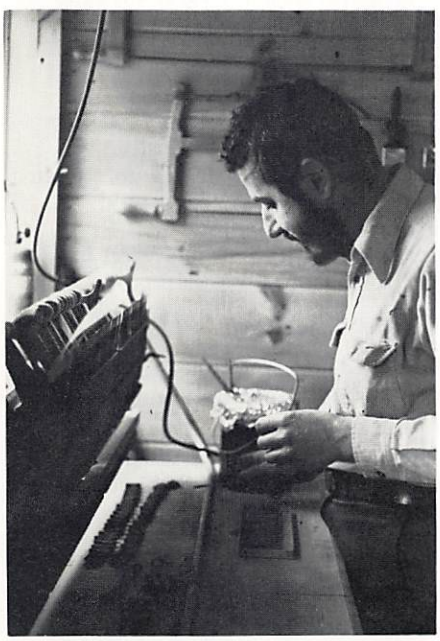
All doors were open to her—she had her pick. The door she chose was marriage. Two children, Jeffrey, now 13, and Vanessa, now 11, came of it—but perhaps it was the wrong door, or perhaps she was just too young. That marriage dissolved.

Enter Vincent George. He swept her off her feet like a prince of the desert—then brought his dazzled bride to the wilds of Maine. She didn't know quite what to expect of him, or of life with him. She still doesn't, but by now she considers the suspense delicious.

Vinnie, as she calls him, set her in the middle of ten acres of woodland in South Paris, and proceeded to clear land and construct two Indian tipis (one 18' in diameter, another 24"). The inside looked like something out of Lawrence of Arabia—silken canopies ("ozans") to keep the heat lower; thick, padded mattresses covered lushly with quilts and pillows; Turkish carpets; a stone-lined pit in the middle of the floor for warmth and cooking. From burl he carved the wooden spoons and cups from which they ate.

With constant use, the fire pit gradually warmed the earth inside their tipi and the surrounding air. Their first Maine winter with its deep snows and howling winds saw them curled up inside the canvas walls (authentic tipis were made of buffalo hide) in snug and cozy comfort, romantically insulated from the world, their thick-furred white dog guarding them outside the tentflap.

"When he started the tipis, I



Vinny in his shop, refelting piano works

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remember saying 'This is crazy!' says Paula. "But I got caught up in it. It *was* crazy! But it was exciting, too."

While Vincent constructed the tipis from kits ordered from "Nomadics" in Oregon, felled lumber for poles, and readied the garden, Paula worked as a homecare nurse and did housecleaning.

She also eventually put together a prospectus on their innovative plunge into self-sufficiency. *Mother Earth News* bought it.

The out-of-staters, the "crazy hippies" (as she's sure they were called by their conservative Maine neighbors) finally outgrew their canvas love nest . . . and became ensconced in the trailer which has grown along with their family.

"Everything has expanded at the same time," she laughs, "our family, our business, and our house."

Paula has never stopped playing the piano, and gives a few lessons as well. The creative dreamer in her writes poetry and essays, composes complicated sonatas; the housewife hauls kids and piles of clothes to the laundromat every week rather than chance running out of water at home.

Vinnie meantime slid sideways into the piano restoring business, through a fluke. He did such a good job tuning the piano of a friend in Naples that the owner of J. D. Furst (Jeffrey Furst, a jazz composer) asked him to tune his as well. Furst ended up offering him a job with his father's company. Vinnie hopes to branch out now to restoring other instruments as well, even delicate violins.

Paula clears the table of teacups and cake dishes, gently strokes Leah's hair, and moves to the piano. Her pale, slender hands, unwrinkled and smooth in spite of their constant hard use, rest a moment on the keys, then begin playing a Welsh hymn—segueing into Mozart, and then Bach. "Pianos are such personal things," she murmurs. "They come alive . . ."

Pat White Gorrie is a free-lance writer who lives in Otisfield with her sons Christopher and Jonathan. She is currently working on a book.

Poetry
by Paula George

Guitar and pack strapped to my back
Through the woods I travel alone
Followed by a human, never strange
to me.
Forty-four North to the East by
Southwest.
A mountain forged by quiet restraint
Distant to my eyes but never out
of sight.
The call of the wild.

Awake in the forest at night;
my nose seems endlessly to twitch
at aromatic fragrances of wild
flowers and berries
dancing across the misty stream
from fields the other side.

They find their way through the
denseness of musty pines,
withered from age and weather
to find me awake and pondering.

My ear listens keenly to each passing
breeze, carrying with it the messages
of the silent life that lies beyond;
undisturbed by my presence,
smell,
or being.
Do they already know that I am
a friend?



The Denisons

They always wanted their own business—and a life in Maine. For Marcia and Dave Denison, the wooden sign outside their shop spells happiness.

They came into the Bethel area when the new high school opened in 1968; Marcia with a master's degree in phys. ed., Dave with one in counselling. It took eleven years, but in July of 1979 the opportunity arose and the couple knew it was "then or never" to leave education and settled down to business.

"The time was right; the building was available," says Dave Denison. The building was also perfect—having been completely renovated by the previous owners from a private residence (rumored to have been a Civil War-era powder magazine) into the spacious Sunri Ski Shop, complete with opened-up first floor space, grass-green carpet, bay windows, and bright orange awnings.

The new owners, however, had always wanted to have a book store, and that was what Denison's started out to be. It is much more than that, though, since they very quickly assessed that, in a town the size of Bethel, it was not possible to make a living selling books alone. So the first things added were records and cards. Now Dension's is, in the words of its owners, "evolving into a mini-department store . . ."

Mopeds and bicycles were the first items added after that—they seemed right for the time, in an era of possible gas shortages. Next to come were canoes, snowshoes, and snow-runners, developing the business into what Dave calls "the 'hup-front' and the 'hout-back'." Out back is the recreational equipment, including rental canoes, and many moped and bicycle parts, because Denison's services what they sell. Marcia says her husband is the "Number One Grease-Monkey" out there in a well-equipped shop.

Up front, in addition to over 2000 titles, mostly paperback, is the newest development in Bethel's "mini-department store"—gifts. Marcia feels that the most significant growth area for their small business will be in gifts, but definitely *not* "ticky-tacky." The Denisons give careful thought to each item that goes onto their shelves—it must be of good quality and reasonable price. Though not exclusively local in their selection, still Denison's is a consignment store for over 26 area craftspeople.

"We believe strongly," says Marcia, "in being an outlet for local craft talent." The quality approach is evident, for they only display the best in handmade wooden and crocheted toys, pottery, wrought iron weather-vanes, brass lamps, macramé items, and silver jewelry.

The secret to the Denisons' success probably lies first of all in service to their customers, and in meeting local needs. They and their two children, ages 10 and 12, devote many hours to the store and its clientele—even living upstairs over the shop despite the fact that they own a house down the street.

The sunny personalities of Dave and Marcia have a lot to do with it, too. Denison's has become a central meeting place and drop-off point for the people of Bethel. And they warmly welcome their neighbors there, even if no one is buying. This couple knows that when a gift is wanted, or a book on local history (a specialty), or perhaps a special-order hardcover, people will come to their shop for it. With their microfiche capabilities, they can usually get any title within a few days.

Gould Academy, just a hop-skip-and-jump away, does much business with Denison's. The visitors at NTL summer sessions shop there—one even ordered a box of books and records shipped to his home in Capetown, South Africa. But their local friends and fellow church members also drop by—for a postcard of Bethel or a birthday card for someone, or the latest book on gardening, or a new novel—or even just a chat.

The Denisons and their shop exude a positive, happy aura. Perhaps it is the cheerful greeting, or the little joke, or the thoughtful consideration they have for each other, or the comfort their store provides its visitors. Perhaps it's because Marcia and Dave are happy in this business they have for themselves.

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It was water—pure, clear water—that attracted the wealthy and cultured to Ricker Hill in Poland during the Victorian era when elegance reigned supreme. But it took the warm hospitality of generations of Rickers to transform an ordinary farm into a world-famous resort where socialites, celebreties, statesmen, and business magnates gathered.

A glimpse of that glittering time is revealed in this 1891 clipping about the joint celebration of both the seasonal opening of the Poland Spring House and the wedding reception of Edward P. Ricker and his bride.

Beautiful women and splendid men by the hundreds were transported from the pullman train at Danville Junction to the Poland Spring House by stage coaches, victorias, and three-seaters drawn by dashing teams.

There was a happy hubbub as rooms were assigned and baggage unloaded. That evening, after the guests inspected a stunning array of gifts for the bridal couple, seven hundred guests were seated in the magnificent dining room. Waitresses in black dresses and dainty white aprons served Kennebec salmon, lobsters in cases, sirloin, spring lamb, and a multitude of vegetables, breads, fruits, and salads.





The Poland Spring musicians, mostly members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played beneath an evergreen bower. Each lady wore a corsage, compliments of the Rickers.

The speeches were as flowery as the decorations on the tables. They concluded with a toast to the famous Poland Spring water: "This crystal clear liquid—pure as virtue, clear as truth, precious as friendship, exhaustless as charity, and sparkling as wit!"

Crystal goblets chimed as the gala crowd arose to the occasion.

In the ballroom girls simply blossomed out, real, genuine angels. They floated onto the waxed floor and perfumed the air with lilies of the valley and roses that were good friends on the bosoms of the ladies.

'Twas a fairy-tale setting in the turreted Poland Spring House that stood like a gigantic castle on the crest of Ricker Hill overlooking a panorama of lakes and mountains.

The four-hundred rooms in the "Big House," as it was affectionately called, offered luxurious accommodations. Some included a suite with a sitting room, bedroom, and bath. A private telephone in each room was the ultimate status symbol. Elevators supplimented the stairways. The main tower had a glass-enclosed outlook. Above it two large lighted globes pierced the darkness for miles around. There was a game room for billiards and bowling and even a private photography studio where guests could have their snapshots developed.

Within the thousand-acre domain of the Rickers were acres and acres of beautifully-groomed lawns, brilliant flower gardens, dozens of walks, and miles of winding roads for carriages and riders.

Down at Middle Range Pond the hostelry had a flotilla of boats and canoes. A small army of people were ready to be of service: swimming instructors, boatmen, caddies, art teachers, photographers, and dozens of other employees.

How did all this come about? History says that Jabez Ricker, his wife and ten children came to Poland in 1794. They had exchanged a farm and mills in Alfred with the Shakers for 300 acres on what became known as Ricker Hill.

The morning after they arrived, two strangers called and asked to be served breakfast. Jabez happily shared his provisions and decided that here was a need to be filled. Soon it became the custom for travellers to stop at the Rickers' for food and rest. None were turned away; all were satisfied.

Three years later the original Mansion House was built as a tavern. When Jabez retired, his son Wentworth carried on with the assistance of his brothers, Samuel and Joseph.

Wentworth's oldest son, Hiram, married Janette Wheeler Bolster and they had three sons and three daughters. It was this trio of young Ricker men (Hiram Weston, Edward P., and Alvan Bolster) who built up their hotel business until it became a nationally-known luxury resort.

Time and again the Mansion House was enlarged. New wings went out in every direction and the roof was

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF POLAND SPRING

by Edith Labbie

raised several times. It was a cozy and friendly inn and was one of the first to feature winter recreations. Toboggan rides, snowshoe hikes, skiing, horse racing and skating on the ponds, and moonlight sleighing parties brought rosy-cheeked guests back to the Mansion House for hot cocoa or coffee. Hard liquor was never sold on the Ricker properties and this policy was the wonder of its time.

In 1834 Hiram made an important discovery. While haying, he refreshed himself several times from a nearby spring. Shortly after he discovered that his stomach problems had improved. His father and brother also found relief after drinking the spring water. Word of its curative power spread. By 1895 twelve wagons were in constant transit between the spring and the Danville Junction railroad station. Branch offices were set up in Portland, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

This was the age when luxurious watering places were all the vogue. So many people flocked to the Mansion House that new accommodations were imperative.

It was in 1876 that the original Poland Spring House was built. Compared to its final appearance, this first building was rather barracks-like. Eight years later the magnificent hotel that is so well remembered flung its banners aloft. The towers were familiar landmarks in the surrounding area.

At this time the elaborate Spanish-style spring house and bottling plant was a focal point for visitors. Ladies in mammoth flowered hats and full skirts strolled down to the spring with gentlemen in silk hats. There they sipped ice cold water served by attendants and peered through a brass grille and plate glass enclosure at the water flowing through silver and glass pipes into a granite tank.

Seventeen years later the Rickers brought the Maine State Building from the Chicago World's Fair Exposition. Sixteen train cars brought the dismantled building to Poland Spring where it was rebuilt in an oak grove.

The still-impressive octagonal building is made of pink and black granite. Once it contained a 10,000 volume library, ladies parlor, gentleman's reception and smoking room, offices, museums, and an art gallery. These things set the Poland Spring complex a cut above other watering places.

A colony of buildings around the large hotels served many purposes. Included were: stables, a carriage house with rooms for private coachmen, a cold storage building, pumping station to bring water from the lake for the lawns, a cooperage, a blacksmith shop, and elaborate "cottages" for the Ricker families.

Next month: Life At Poland Spring and Faded Glory





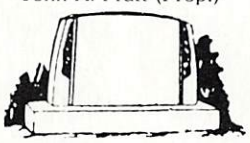
At far left, The dazzling Poland Spring House and its lawn games. Above, top, the bathing house, built in 1909, which still stands today. Below, left, the Mansion House sun-veranda.

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SUMMER FAIRS

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORWAY: Women's Fellowship Annual Fair, July 8, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Arts & Crafts & home baking are specialties. Luncheon served at noon.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRIDGTON: Summer Fair on High Street, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m., July 8.

THE CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH, HARRISON: Ladies Circle Summer Sale, Sat. July 18 from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. (Lunch available).

BRIDGTON ARTS & CRAFTS SOCIETY: Open at their building on Depot Street in July and August, Mon.-Sat. from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Hand-crafted articles for sale. Their Fourth Annual Summer Fair held July 25, 9:30 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Town Hall on North High Street. Crafts, demonstrations, snack bar.

CHRIST CHURCH EPISCOPAL, NORWAY: 24th Annual Church Fair and Auction, Sat. Aug. 1 on the Rectory Lawn, Green Street, Norway. Crafts, books, garden produce, homemade candy, jellies, baked goods, cheese, flea market, starting at 9 a.m. Antique Auction 10:30 a.m. (*Rain date Aug. 8*).

NORWAY-PARIS BUSINESS & PROFESSIONAL WOMEN: Third Annual Craft Fair & Flea Market, Moore Park, South Paris, Sat. Aug. 1 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. *(Rain date Aug. 8)*, Rentals available; call 539-2518 for details.

ART

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP SUMMER CALENDAR, NORWAY: *Twentieth Annual Members Show,* June 30-July 12. *Bonnema Pottery for table and garden,* July 14-July 26. *Minnie Libby Retrospective*—photos, oils, watercolors, July 28-Aug. 16. *Watercolors by Ann Beyer*, Aug. 18-Sept. 5. Annual Sidewalk Show & Sale, July 11 (*Rain date July 18*). Gallery hours Tues.-Sat. 9-5. Closed Sun. & Mon. Matolcsy Gallery, Upper Main Street, Norway.

ARTS & ARTISANS FAIR, LOVELL: On the Library Lawn, Aug. 15, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

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BREAKFASTS: sponsored by Ladies Circle, Calvary Community Church, Harrison in their new facilities: Weds. July 8; Weds. July 22; Weds. Aug. 5; Weds. Aug. 19, all 8-10 a.m.

OXFORD HILLS AREA Y.M.C.A.: Summer Programs. Sun Fun day program, 9-3 daily; Third Annual Woody Allen Road Race at Oxford County Fairgrounds in conjunction with the Bean Hole Bean Festival, app. 9 a.m. July 25. (Day care available); Weds. Night Dances for Junior High age, every Weds. night in July, O.H.H.S. Coming soon: Tennis Lessons; Preschool Programs; Boxing in August. For more information, contact Peggy Wolfe, Y.M.C.A. Director, at 743-7184.



BETHEL CELEBRATES NEW ENGLAND'S LAST INDIAN RAID

Bicentennial Activities on Aug. 1 & 2. The raid began on August 3, 1781, when six Indians led by Tomhegan captured three men near the mouth of Mill Brook and began their march toward Canada during which they took other hostages, plundered neighboring houses, and killed a settler named Peter Poor. (See story by Randall Bennett, **BitterSweet**, December, 1978). The raid was part of a British plan to disrupt the outlying settlements of the American colonies in order to weaken colonial resistance to British Forces during the American War of Independence. Bethel's 1981 celebration will include a Heritage Crafts Show and a Horse Show.

On Sat. Aug. 1, there will be a Settlers Breakfast sponsored by the Greenwood Historical Society following a cannon salute on the Bethel Common. There will be a Parade, Militia musters and drills and a working blacksmith shop at the Moses Mason House museum, followed by various bean suppers. On Sun. Aug. 2, old-time church services will be followed by a parade of militia units from Maine and New Hampshire and a United States Marine Corps flag drill exhibition. The grand finale will be an Indian Raid Pageant on the common.

Page 23 . . .

The Bean-Hole Bean Festival

Ask anybody at the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce in Norway when the Bean Hole Bean Festival is held and you're apt to get the quick reply, "always the last Saturday in July." That's when Doc Hall (Dr. Charles Hall, South Paris optometrist), Court Nason, and Ray Harris, "beanmasters" for some 27 years, have always cooked their bean hole beans to feed the over 3,000 people who throng to Oxford County Fairgrounds each year for the festival. For Doc and his helpers, the preparation begins on Thursday when pots are scrubbed, beans washed, and fires started in the pits. All night the fires are carefully tended so that on Friday morning the pots with Doc's special ingredients and beans can be set over them to parboil. Later that day they are covered and lowered into the pits, to be covered with sand and bake overnight. Saturday they are something very special for the hungry eaters at the Festival.

Naturally, Doc Hall isn't the only one having fun: Max Pulsifer brings along his calliope to provide some dinner music; local Kiwanians join in with their old-time auction; the Oxford Hills Swinging Bears offer up some lively square dance demonstrations; the Y.M.C.A. Woody Allen Road Race; and the Firemen's Muster adds excitement and boisterous shouts as a runner finishes or a handtub battle begins.

It's easy to see that what distinguishes the Festival is diversity. And when another event opened in the yellow expo last year, it proved to be every bit as special.

The Arts & Crafts Show

This year, along in February, while Doc Hall was already busy planning for more bean dinners, invitations went out to artists and craftsmen throughout Maine inviting them to exhibit.

There are several ways to find exhibitors for an arts and crafts show. The easiest is probably an open show where anyone can exhibit, but then there is no control over who shows up. The hardest show to sponsor is a juried show; it's difficult to find qualified judges and difficult for the judges to select the very best from a group.

The Festival Arts & Crafts Fair is still another type of show—invitational with standards. This means that invitations are sent to established artists and craftsmen known locally and to members of craft guilds. Space is available on a "first come, first served" basis; standards are set by a committee or sponsor.

The exhibitors invited are skilled, knowledgable, and have set their own high standards. They know how to set up an exhibit that will display their work at its best; they want to demonstrate their skill and answer questions; most of all you know what they display is quality, original, and reflects pride in their work.

Nobody's crystal ball can show up the Arts & Crafts Fair in complete detail. over 50 artists and artisans have already overflowed two buildings and responses continue to come in to fill the outside space. There's diversity: potters, woodcarvers, tole painters; workers in silver, pewter, needlework, enameling, ceramics; graphic artists; silkscreeners; quick-sketch artists; creators of whimsical dolls. And that's only a sampling.

The Festival is tradition. The Community makes the Festival something to enjoy for everyone.

Lois Loman

This page brought to you by:

EVENTS
At The Oxford County Fairgrounds, Oxford

Craft Fair

•

Firemen's Muster
South Paris Pacific Handtub

•

Woody Allen Memorial
Cross Country Road Race

•

Kiwanis Auction
(under cover)

•

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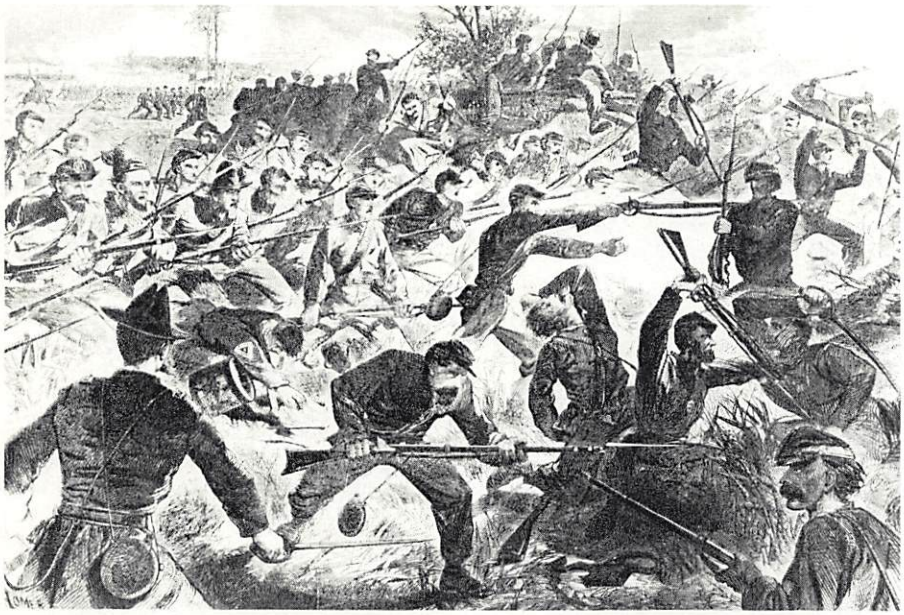
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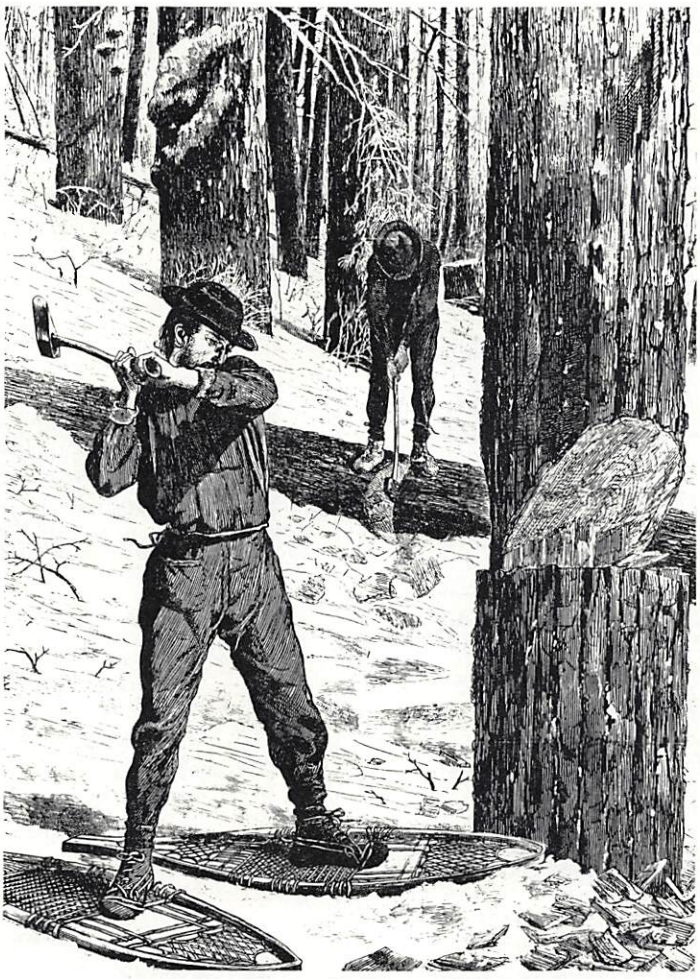


The War For The Union, 1862—A Bayonet Charge

Mar

MAINES
IN

WINSLO



Lumbering In Winter, 1871

No capsule biography can do justice to a personality as odd and gifted as Winslow Homer. (Some recommended reading appears below.) And it should be made clear that a surprising number of Maine people, recognizing nostalgic childhood scenes and familiar looking people, regard him as our own. It wasn't until his mature years that Homer settled here.

He was born in Boston February 24, 1836. His family was bourgeois and conservative, descended from generations of Yankees clear back to the 1600's. Young Winslow spent a happy outdoorsy boyhood in Cambridge until, at 19, he was apprenticed to a Boston lithographer.

His skill became immediately evident, but he detested the confining nature of the job and the sense of bondage. He quit at 21 when his apprenticeship was up, and became a free-lance illustrator. *Harper's Weekly* bought the first illustration he submitted. Two years later he moved to New York. His bold draughtsmanship and the simple realism of his themes caught on. He covered the Civil War for *Harper's*, picturing the camp soldiers as he saw them, with an eye for homey detail and with humor. His few scenes of the battle, on the other hand, are grim and unforgettable.

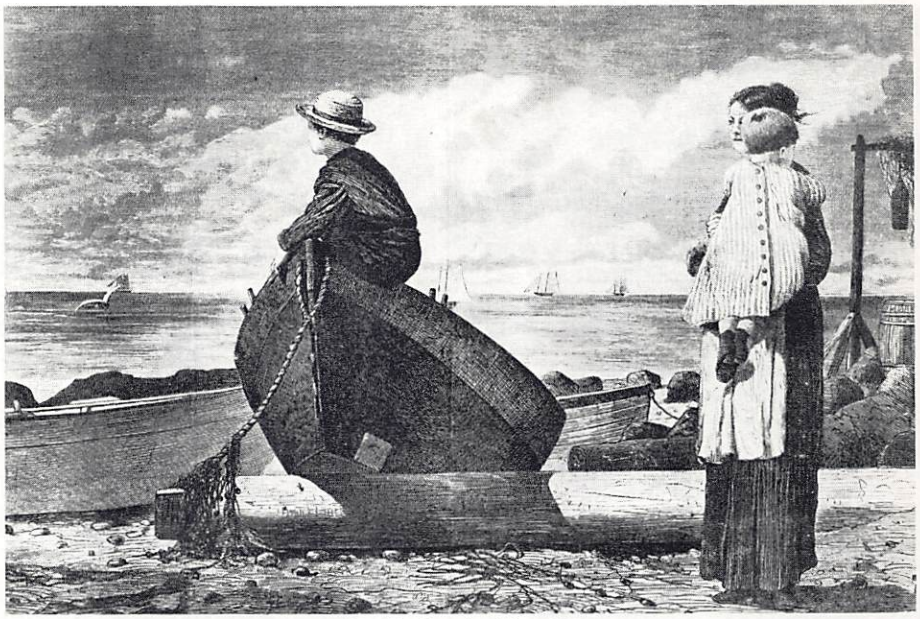
A successful illustrator in his 30's, Homer is remembered as being short and lean with a handlebar mustache and dressed in the gentleman-dandy style of the day. He admired women and his graphic work of that period—hooped skirts and ribbons, fun at croquet, flirtations on the beach—are lively reflections of his warmth and occasional involvement.

He never married. A shy loner, he loved the outdoors and was a born wanderer. After a trip to France in 1866, he shifted from illustration to more serious painting. He first used

Dibner

TREAMS ART

V HOMER



"Dad's Coming!"—1873

watercolors in 1873, when he was 37. Working directly from nature, he favored a large brush and wet, deep color—grays, greens, umber, blue, and invariably a touch of red somewhere, a kerchief tip, a pennant, no more—holding his composition together with his faultless drawing. His subjects were sailors, hunters, fishermen, wild game; men and creatures in their natural habitat of sea, forest, or mountain stream in the Northeast, or Florida, or the exquisite turquoise waters of the Bahamas or Cuba.

Homer settled in Prouts' Neck, Maine in 1883, after two years in England. It was a turning point, representing his most mature and significant period of creativity. He concentrated on the perils of the sea in paintings and etchings. He lived alone, did his own housework, and avoided the summer colony neighbors. He was occasionally rude to bold but well-meaning visitors who had come for an uninvited look at America's most famous living painter.

He continued to spend summer and autumn days fishing and hunting and painting his marvellous watercolors. *The End Of The Hunt*, painted in 1892 (see cover) is typical of that period.

He persisted in painting and travelling throughout the first years of this century, though plagued with illnesses. In 1908 he suffered a paralytic stroke. Homer died in his studio at Prouts' Neck the 29th of September, 1910. He remains unmatched to this day as the master of American genre painting.

Recommended reading: **Winslow Homer at Prouts' Neck**, *Philip C. Beam (Little Brown, 1966).*



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QUILTERS

CHICKADEE CHAPTER, PINE TREE QUILTERS' GUILD, BRIDGTON: sponsoring their Third Annual Quilt Show, July 11 at the Town Hall, High Street, Bridgton from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Preserving the state of the art of quilting with over 100 quiled articles both new and antique.

MAINE QUILTS '81: Statewide show of Maine Pine Tree Quilters' Guild at the Augusta Civic Center, July 17, 18 & 19, from 9 a.m. daily. On display will be old and new quilts and other articles. For sale will be quilting notions, materials, and supplies. Workshops held both Fri. and Sat. For more information, call Louise Huff in South Paris at 743-2187.

CASCO DAYS

Unique to all local carnivals, the Casco Firemen's Association owns their own rides, games, and equipment. The annual extravaganza, run entirely by local people, will take place this year on July 23, 24 & 25 at the Junior High School grounds in Casco Village on Route 121.

A gala old-fashioned Square Dance will begin the festivities on Thurs. night at 7:00 at the Jr. High. Midway opens at 6 p.m. both Thurs. and Fri. On Sat. the midway opens at 10 a.m. A four-mile road race is one highlight of the day—registration begins at 8 a.m. at the Old Casco Fire Barn. The race begins at 9, ending in Casco Village.

New this year is the starting date of the Grand Parade: 1:00 p.m. on Saturday. Bands and floats. A Children's Parade begins at 11 a.m. that day. A Public Supper is held at 5:00.



HARRISON OLD HOME DAYS

Held July 9, 10 & 11, this celebration started in "The Friendy Village" in the 1900's; was discontinued in 1966; and begun again by Susan Searles in 1975. Nightly entertainment with the Flatland Cloggers of Chesapeake, Virginia; hourly raffles; craft shows; and carnival events and rides are the highlights of this weekend of fun.

Thurs., July 9 is Campers Night especially for children from the many summer camps around Harrison lakes and surrounding areas. The evening of Fri. July 10 begins with a Kiddie Parade with the theme of Old Home Days, for children from toddler to Jr. High age. Trophies and participation ribbons will be awarded. Raffles sponsored by the Lions and the Old Home Days Association compete with food booths, the bingo tent, the travelling carnival, and the entertainment throughout the evening. On Sat. July 11 two road races sponsored by the Harrison-Waterford Mens Club begin the day: a one-mile fun run and a 10-km. race. The Grand Parade starts at 1:00 that afternoon. At 5:00 the Lions Club Chicken Barbeque adds to the enjoyment.

SUMMER ON PARIS HILL

Again this year the Hamlin Memorial Library and Museum will celebrate Founders Day on August 15th with its Third Annual Giant Flea Market and Antique Car Show on the common.

Featuring the antique and classic car collection of Paris resident Robert P. Bahre from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Founders Day will begin at 9 a.m. with the sale until 4 p.m. (*Rain date Aug. 16.)*

Paris Hill is now a busy year-round community. Still, summer offers that extra-special time when activities increase, neighbor meets neighbor over the stone wall or over coffee, and energetic folks greet each other on their evening stroll "around the block."

The area, rich in architecture and history and located with a wide westerly vista of the White Mountains, is on the National Historic Register and attracts many tourists, especially in the summer. The Paris Hill Academy, which ceased to be a school in 1901, now serves as a meeting place once a month for a community pot-luck supper. Through the efforts of the Community Club, the Hall has been restored and the upstairs theatre-stage readied for small productions.

A vacant lot has become the Tim Willard Memorial Baseball Field on Tremont Street—under the auspices of the Paris Recreation Board and named for the young Paris policeman who died tragically in the line of duty. A short round of golf or a tennis match can be had at the Paris Hill Country Club. Organized originally in 1899, the club will this year offer social events and sports into the month of October.

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A Journey Down The

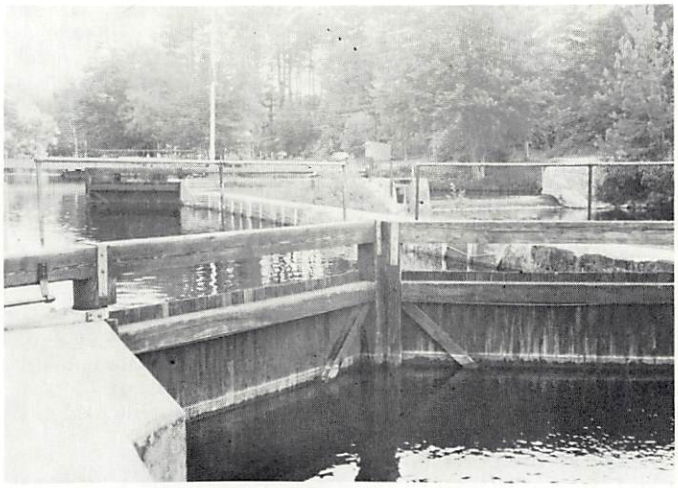
by Jack C. Barnes

Imagine it is a lovely crisp September morning in the mid-1800's. You are a resident of Harrison Village, and you need to get to Portland on business. It is a fifty mile trip by water. It will take you two or three days to get there if all goes well, but it is quicker and easier than trying to get there by horse or on foot.

When you arrive at the Harrison wharf at the head of Long Lake, farmers, lumbermen, local merchants, and red-shirted crewmen from the canal boats are loitering about. Most of them seem to be either standing or sitting on barrels, talking and laughing. A frequent good story is punctuated by a forceful shot of tobacco juice being fired at some vacant spot on the wharf, with little allowance for wind velocity. There is the usual congregation of young boys who enjoy listening to wondrous adventures related by the fresh-water sailors, or the tall tales, many rather risque and well-seasoned with local color, spun by some of Harrison's most prominent master yarn-spinners.

Three canal boats are tied up at the dock in the process of being loaded or unloaded. There are hogsheads of molasses, flour, and casks of rum being unloaded from one boat that has just arrived, and several men are transferring the cargo to one of the warehouses along the wharf. Cordwood and lumber are being unloaded from wagons drawn by oxen and loaded onto another boat. There are enormous numbers of barrels and bundles of shooks—one of Harrison's leading industries—awaiting the arrival of other boats. The third boat is named the *Ethel*. It's already loaded with shooks and boxes and barrels of early apples for the Portland and Boston markets. This is the boat you are going to take because it is leaving in a half hour.

There is little to differentiate one boat from the other. Each one cost about $500 to build. They all have blunt bows and square sterns, and each has a cabin above the aft deck. The *Ethel* is sixty-five feet in length and ten feet in beam. It has a flat bottom. In place of a keel, it has two centerboards—one up near the bow and the other aft the mainsail. Each of the boats is equipped with a foresail and a mainsail but without a bowsprit or jib.



The only set of locks extant from the Cumberland-Oxford Canal: the Songo



An open stretch of lake—part of the Canal system

It is time for the *Ethel* to sail, so you board the craft and walk aft to where the captain is standing at the helm. The two crew members push off and begin at once to hoist the two sails. There is a good wind. That is fortuitous because, although the *Ethel* is supposed to carry about thirty tons of cargo, it is obvious by the way she sits in the water that she is carrying an extra heavy load. In a matter of minutes, the strong September wind is carrying the heavily loaded *Ethel* down Long Lake to Naples, a distance of twelve miles.

As the *Ethel* plows along through blue waters under a cloudless azure sky, your thoughts go back ten years to the first time you made this spectacular trip aboard the deluxe passenger boat—the *George Washington*. It was the first boat to pass through the canal. Your favorite poets—Portland's own Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had spent part of his youth roaming the shores of Sebago over around Raymond, also had ridden on the *George Washington*. It is a pity that it was not successful, but folks around here weren't interested in such luxury as that, which included a well-stocked bar. Most people simply grabbed the first boat heading for their destination and, with the many

Cumberland-Oxford Canal



The remains of what once was the Mallison Locks



Towpath between Little Falls and Mallison Falls (Horse Beef Falls) where the canal used to run

taverns along the canal, one could purchase all the liquor he wanted while the boat waited at the locks to be raised or lowered. No, the *George Washington* was a failure as a passenger boat and was relegated to carrying cargo along with all the other boats.

It is a smooth and relatively fast run down Long Lake to Naples. The *Ethel* is secured to the local dock and the crew and captain go looking for some liquid refreshment.

In the meantime, a wagon loaded with several barrels and crates of apples from the Perley Farm arrives at the dock. When the captain and his two young crew members return there is a mild altercation between the driver from Perley Farm and the *Ethel*'s captain over whether or not to take on the additional load of apples.

"Tell old Perley I can't take no more on this trip. We be overludded now. Gawd a'mighty, Clem, if we make it down the canal as 'tis without draggin' bottom most the way down, we'll be damn lucky. Perley's apples ain't gonna rot 'til t'other bo't comes along, that be for damn sure. Push off, boys."

Clem is still sitting in the wagon seat looking befuddled as the *Ethel* passes through the old drawbridge and slowly heads down Brandy Pond to the Songo River.

At the point where the Songo flows into Brandy Pond, the crew begins to lower the sails. It is interesting to watch them fold the two masts up like the blades of a jackknife in preparation for the first leg of the river trips as far as the Songo Locks.

The crewmen snatch up long poles and, positioning themselves on opposite sides of the bow, thrust one end of each pole simultaneously into the river bed and begin walking along the gunwales until they reach the stern. Then they return to the bow again, and the entire process is repeated over and over as the craft slowly and methodically edges its way down the serpentine river, its progress made easier by the fact that it is moving with a gentle current. Twice the *Ethel*'s captain and crew jovially hale the crew and captains of other boats headed toward Naples. These encounters must certainly relieve some of the tedium of tramping back and forth, back and forth, in an endless routine.

It is not long before the *Ethel* reaches the final bend before reaching the locks, the first of twenty-eight that the boat will pass through before reaching the waterfront of Portland. Suddenly the captain begins to blow on a large tin horn, a signal for the lock-keeper to begin opening the upper gate. "I hope to Gawd old Lem is sober," mutters the captain.

"Who's Lem?" you inquire of one of the two crew members.

"Why, ol' Lem tends the lock; that is, when he's sober. This time o'day he's likely to be lit up like a candle. He kinda likes to keep nippin' at the cidy. Got to admit he keeps some pretty smooth stuff." He continues to talk as if he welcomes the opportunity to break out of a long spell of mute silence, but he is too far along toward the bow for you to hear the rest of his remarks. He must have ended with a witty comment, because his partner suddenly guffaws.

As the *Ethel* rounds the bend, the gate is open and the gate attendant waves with alacrity to the captain at the helm. "Well, I'll be," chuckles the captain. "Here 'tis late afternoon and Lem is still on his feet. Must be his old woman has laid down the law or let the bung outa his barrel."

To the left of the lock is a small waterfall. The tumbling water splashes loudly as it hits the rocks below, but the rapid flow of the water is slowed down and resumes its sluggish journey to Sebago Lake by the time it reaches the confluence of

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You Don't Say



"ACCEPTED" IN MAINE

To get beyond the "summer complaint" stage in Maine may take a long time and much patient waiting. I discovered that I had been accepted one day while talking with my old friend, the late Carroll Sanborn of South Waterford. As we talked, two men in a New York Cadillac stopped to call. After greeting Carroll, they asked if he had gone fishing lately, and that when he went again they wanted to go, too. He was noncommittal and, as they drove off, he began to laugh.

"What's so funny Carroll?" I asked.

"Last summer," he began, "those men were fishing all of one afternoon in Bear Pond. They didn't have much luck. When I finished work for the day I got in my boat to try my luck. The men were in separate boats, anchored in mid-pond. As my boat drifed past them, I caught a fine bass. In an hour or two I had caught my limit. By the time that I was ready to go ashore, those men were already there and waiting.

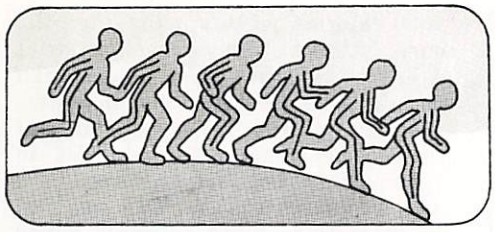
"When I reached shore, they asked to see my fishing gear. Amazed, they discovered that they had been using the same kind."

And then is when I learned that I had been accepted and could be trusted with local secrets, because Carroll continued: "I didn't think it worthwhile to tell them that this time of the summer bass are staying deep in the water where it's cool. I had been using a weighted line, and I had changed it before going ashore."

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Medicine For The Hills

by
Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

VITAMINS - Part I

In too many parts of the world people suffer from night blindness, beriberi, pellagra, scurvy, pernicious anemia, ricketts and intestinal malabsorption—diseases directly resulting from vitamin deficiency. In America, the nutritional problem is just the reverse: in addition to obesity, we are beginning to see new diseases resulting from vitamin overdose. In fact, in America, where one person in three takes some form of vitamin supplement, the vitamin-containing urine from these self-dosers who take "nutritional supplements" could be used to good advantage in treating the vitamin deficiencies of the Third World.

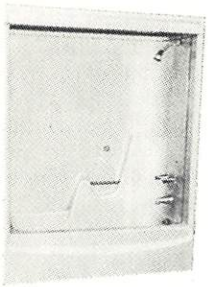
Vitamin therapy is embroiled in controversy. Why is this so? First of all, there is a prevalent philosophy that if a little bit is good, a whole lot more is just that much better. Secondly, there is the notion that the "medical establishment" is hoarding its secrets from the layman, an attitude discussed in this column before. This absurd argument goes something like this: Physicians just don't want to tell us what will make us well and keep us well, because they would then be out of a job. When one as famous as Linus Pauling lauds the benefits of megadose vitamin C, this fuels the argument. Americans are also victims of hucksterism; vitamins are big business with Americans spending about one and one-half billion dollars a year on nutritional supplements. We are therefore assailed with advertising. Drug companies and manufacturers of natural foods get on the bandwagon to reap the profits. Also, Americans are becoming increasingly aware of the nature of the junk food they ingest and increasingly fearful of nutritional deficiencies which might result from the overly processed food they consume.

Yet another reason for the excessive use of vitamins stems from what we in medicine call *anecdotal observation*. We are all very familiar with this form of shabby clinical research. A neighbor takes vitamin C every day and "hasn't had a cold all winter." Uncle Charlie was given three months to live by the doctors, went to a megadose vitamin clinic in Mexico, and, wonder of wonders, is cured. And so it goes. This argument becomes so powerful that when medical research attempts to reproduce results such as these through controlled clinical research and fails to do so, such research is viewed with suspicion and disbelief.

It is true that we do have a lot to learn in medicine; that there is much uncharted territory there, both with regard to vitamin therapy as well as with other areas of medicine. But it is also true that our "medical establishment" is the best, and the only form of health research that we have. There are simply no alternatives to the science of medicine. In the past seventy-five years, through slow, painstaking, unbiased research, medicine has produced, among other things, insulin, antibiotics, curative chemotherapy for many forms of cancer, and has virtually eradicated smallpox from the planet. Perhaps before downing the next handful of megavitamins, it might be worthwhile to hear what the medical establishment has to say about vitamin therapy.

A vitamin is "any number of unrelated complex organic substances found in most foods in varying amounts or sometimes synthesized by the body, which are essential in *small amounts* for metabolic regulation, and normal growth and functioning of the body." Simply stated, vitamins act as accessories to metabolism, and their deficiency leads to recognizable and predictable diseases, such as scurvy and beriberi. The reverse of this is not necessarily true, however, that taking vitamins in excess might lead to the cure of other diseases. Thirteen vitamins have been recognized as essential accessories to metabolism, yet incredibly there is no federal law which prohibits food faddists from calling other questionable substances "vitamins." Consequently, we have "vitamin B-15" or "pangamic acid;" and "vitamin B-17," the infamous laetril. The thirteen vitamins essential to the normal metabolic function are divided into two groups, those soluble in water and those soluble only in fats. Water-soluble vitamins taken in excess are simply excreted in the urine, and by this process produce the vitamin-rich waste product alluded to in the introduction. Fat-soluble vitamins, however, are not so excreted and are therefore accumulated in the body when taken in excessive amounts, and may lead to problems of toxicity, which we will talk about later. The water-soluble vitamins are vitamin C (ascorbic acid), B-1 (thiamin), B-2 (riboflavin), niacin, folic acid, B-6 (pyridoxine), B-12 (cyanocobalamin), pantothenic acid, and biotin. The four remaining vitamins are fat-soluble: vitamins A, D (dihydrotachysterol), E, and K. These are the thirteen vitamins. No other substances have been demonstrated to fulfill the accessory metabolic functions of vitamins.

As a general rule, a well-balanced diet consisting of all four food groops in excess of about 1800 calories per day will certainly provide the recommended daily allowance (RDA) of these thirteen vitamins, as well as providing six essential minerals. In truth, the total RDA for all thirteen vitamins needed in the daily diet amounts to about an eighth of a teaspoon. The point to remember is that the recommended daily allowance for a vitamin is quite small. (For purpose of later discussion, we define a megadose of a particular vitamin as 10 times the RDA or more.) Who needs vitamin supplements? A daily vitamin-mineral supplement in amounts which do not exceed RDA is generally recommended for pregnant and nursing women, heavy drinkers, some menstruating women, some vegetarians, possibly for women on birth control pills, and possibly heavy smokers (who may become more rapidly depleted in vitamin C). Those who eat fewer than



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1600 calories per day, as is often the case with the elderly as well as strict dieters, should have vitamin supplements. Women who menstruate heavily often need supplemental iron. Strict vegetarians who eat no eggs or dairy products will need B-12 supplements. Some drugs used to treat certain diseases may cause vitamin deficiencies and therefore dictate the use of vitamin supplements.

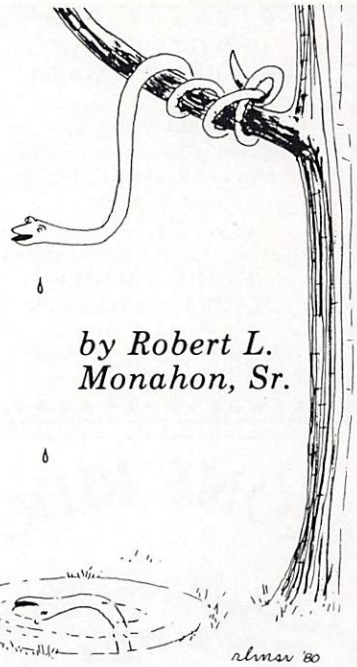
There is no single multivitamin marketed today which contains the RDA for all thirteen vitamins and minerals (the latter consisting of calcium, potassium, iron, zinc, phosphorus, magnesium, and trace minerals). It is quite possible, therefore, that a person requiring a particular vitamin or mineral and who takes some form of vitamin supplementation may not be getting the required amount of vitamin he needs. For example, in certain bowel inflammatory diseases, such as regional enteritis, the person becomes deficient in folic acid, which is not found in the required amounts in multivitamin preparations.

Vitamins are small organic molecules, being termed organic simply because they contain carbon in the molecular structure. As such, they are also termed "organic" by the producers of natural foods, and since anything "organic" is immediately attractive to large segments of our society, the food or supplement sells very well. A supplement which is "natural" will also sell better (and therefore be priced higher) than something which is "synthetic." Because the molecular structure of vitamins is quite simple, as opposed to, let's say, DNA molecules, vitamins can be easily synthesized or made in the laboratory. The molecular structure is no different from the naturally occurring vitamins which are extracted from natural sources, such as vitamin A found in cod liver oil. The body cannot tell the difference between a "natural" vitamin and a synthetic vitamin.

A separate problem of vitamins concerns the use of very large doses of vitamins in hopes of preventing or treating certain diseases. Next month we shall examine megadose vitamin therapy and the problems arising from such therapy.

A story especially written for grandparents to read to grandchildren:

BEANO THE PITCHER AND THE BAKING SNAKE



by Robert L. Monahon, Sr.

Beano the Pitcher lived in a pink house on the other side of the woods. The Baking Snake lived somewhere in the woods. Beano the Pitcher walked through the woods every day to the ballfield where he practiced his curves and sliders. Sooner or later as he walked through the woods he knew he was bound to meet the Baking Snaker. And sure enough, one day he did.

The Baking Snake was hanging in tree. It was a tall tree, but the Baking Snake curled himself around a low branch so that he could chat with passersby. And on this day that is what Beano the Pitcher was.

"Hello there," the Baking Snake shouted," Tell me about that funny suit you're wearing."

Well, Beano the Pitcher was certainly taken by surprise, but he answered right away that it was not a funny suit. It was a baseball suit which you needed if you were going to be a pitcher or a catcher or a first baseman. He didn't get to name all the other players on a baseball team because the Baking Snake interrupted him to ask, "Why do you have one big hand and one little hand?"

Beano the Pitcher explained that his little hand was for throwing a baseball very fast. "Sometimes as fast as sixty miles an hour," Beano the Pitcher said, "and when I grow older I will throw it even faster. Some really fast pitchers can throw the ball ninety miles an hour!"

"But you haven't told me about your big hand," said the Baking Snake.

"I'll tell you all about that another time," said Beano the Pitcher. "I can't stop now or I'll be late for practice, and that would upset the team."

On the way home from baseball practice he saw the Baking Snake sound asleep on the same branch in the tree that was just low enough and so on and so forth. Beano the Pitcher probably would have just tip-toed by, but he wanted to continue his chat with the Baking Snake. "Wake Up!" he shouted, "I'm back and I have a question for you."



Well, this time the Baking Snake was taken by surprise and just like everyone who is wakened out of a sound sleep, he was in a bad humor.

"WHAT'S THE QUESTION?" he growted (a growt being a combination growl and shout) with his mouth open so wide his eyes disappeared and all his pointed teeth sparkled in the setting sun. The question was what does the Baking Snake do when he isn't lying on a low branch chatting with passersby. After Beano the Pitcher asked it, he was sorry that he had. "I EAT CHILDREN," said the Baking Snake. "I bake them. Then I eat them. I sprinkle sugar all over them, or I put a raisin on their tummies, or I cover them with cinnamon and roll them up, or I fill them with raspberry jam, or I . . ."

"WAIT!" shouted Beano the Pitcher. And this time he really did shout. "I have to tell you about my big hand, remember? And I have to tell you the names of the rest of the players on the baseball team!" Beano the Pitcher thought it a good idea to chat a while with the Baking Snake in the hopes of taking his mind off his appetite for strange desserts.

So Beano told him how he used the big hand to catch baseballs that the catcher threw to him. And how the catcher had an even bigger hand to catch a ball if the batter swung and missed it. And he went on to explain that the left fielder had a big hand to snare pop flies with. And Oh! My Goodness! It was no time at all before the Baking Snake was fast asleep.

Now Beano the Pitcher thought about a lot of things he could do to escape being baked and eaten. He could tiptoe slowly around and then run pell mell to his little pink house on the other side of the woods. Or, he could wind up his arm and throw a slider sixty miles an hour and knock the Baking Snake out of the tree. Or he could wake the snake up and suggest that he try real cookies instead of sugared children!

And this last was just what he decided to do. But first he tied the Baking Snake's tail to the low branch on the tree where he was sleeping. Then he went home and did some chores for his Mother so he could ask for some extra cookies. The next time that Beano the Pitcher headed for the woods and baseball practice and the Baking Snake, he had, along with his glove and his baseball suit, a stool and a plate full of cookies.

When he got to the tree where the Baking Snake was lying in wait to chat with passersby, he found a pool of water under the low branch. What could this be? thought Beano the Pitcher. And Baking Snake replied that he had cried all night because he had been tied for having lied.

"I don't eat children," he said.

"Oh! I'm so happy to know that," replied Beano the Pitcher as he untied the snake's tail.

"I eat GROWN-UPS!"

"Then you will enjoy these for dessert," said Beano the Pitcher putting the cookies on a stool in front of the Baking Snake. And then he walked through the woods to the ballfield, where he pitched a Perfect Game.

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A Dining Guide

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Bean's Restaurant—A family-style restaurant in Market Square, South Paris, featuring **home-style chowder, desserts, muffins and breads.** Daily and monthly specials.

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The Chick-a-Dee Restaurant—located at the Auburn-Turner line on Route 4, just two miles from Lake Auburn, this famed family style restaurant emphasizes just good food—especially **fried clams**. A full menu from sandwiches to steaks for take-out or dining there, either inside or outside under the pines. Open 10 a.m. every day but Tuesday—a pleasant drive over the mountains from Norway-South Paris.

The Cornish Country Inn—under new management, this restaurant offers good dining and frequent specials in a **19th century atmosphere**. Phone 625-3953.

The Country Way—found at the Norway-Paris town line, this restaurant features its famous **smorgasbord** daily from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., nightly from 5-9, Sundays 11-6; and **Prime Rib of Beef** every Saturday 5-9 p.m. Closed all day Monday. Dress code in effect on weekends; evening entertainment. Call 743-2387 for reservations or to inquire about their banquet facilities for 200.

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Hu Ke Lau—when you're in the mood for **Chinese food**—this is the spot to get it. Visit Sonny at the Maine Mall, South Portland. They also feature American cooking and cocktails.

Jordan's Restaurant—an authentic Yankee restaurant on Route 26 in Locke Mills. Reasonably priced **homemade pastries, bread, and daily specials**. Take-out service and your favorite beverage available. They're open 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day but Wednesday; call 875-3515.

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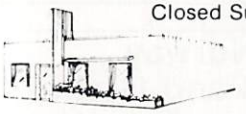
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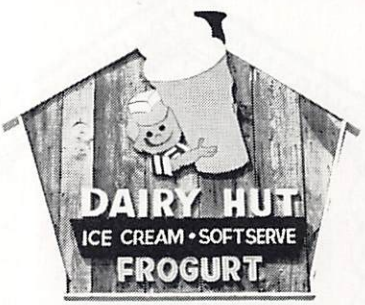
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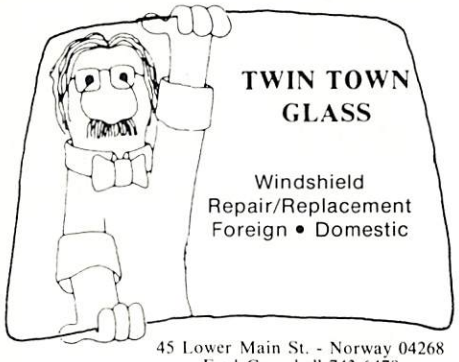
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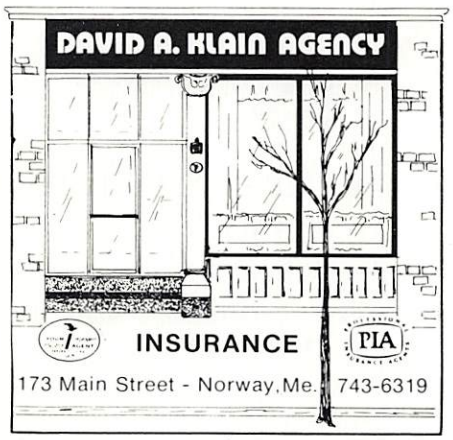
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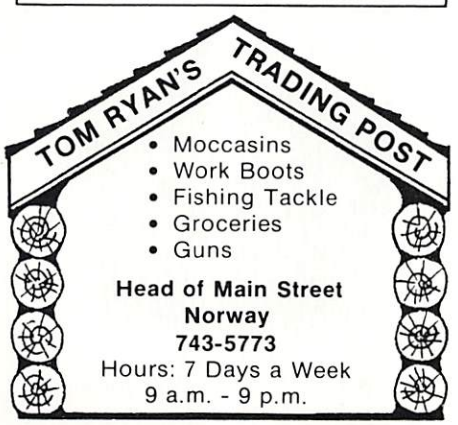


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. . . Page a **Gems**

One of the first local "rockhounds" to tap the regions mineral sources was James Shaw of South Waterford, born in 1817. Historical records prove that he was one of the most active collectors during this era. Shaw operated a farm and was deeply involved with church and grange functions as well. Obviously, he had little leisure time in which to pursue his hobby, but somehow he did. This hardworking farmer fell prey to the mystique of minerals and spent many happy hours searching for them. Shaw's interest resulted in one of the finest and largest of the original collections of local material. At the time of his death in 1888 the pieces in the collection exceeded three thousand in number. James Shaw and his contemporaries blazed the path in Oxford County for today's collectors. They were instrumental in the development of local quarries as well.

Why is our area so rich in mineral wealth? The geology here includes a large quantity of extensive mineralization known as pegmatite. Only in this particular sort of geological formation of the minerals grow and crystallize. Few pegmatite areas are known to exist in the world and we live in the very heart of one of the richest and most unique deposits. One-third of the world's recognized mineral varieties have been found right here in southwestern Oxford County along with numerous rarities which occur nowhere else. For these reasons, our "back yard" is pretty special.

The history of the actual mining that has been done here spans more than one hundred and fifty years. For many reasons this activity has been sporadic in nature, but much has been accomplished. This subject would fill a book of substantial size, but space limits us to the following paragraphs:

By 1800 many residents had not only a keen awareness and appreciation of the area's mineral wealth but an interest in mining as well. After giving the matter a great deal of thought, there were some who decided the local mineral wealth might very possibly lead to a commercial venture. The discovery of tourmaline at Mount Mica on Paris Hill late in 1820 provided them with an opportunity to follow their instincts and learn whether or not actual mining would be profitable.

The discovery of tourmaline in the ledges of Mount Mica is a charming story. Credit goes to two school boys—Elijah Hamlin, whose family lived at Paris Hill, and Ezekial Holmes, who was visiting at his friend's home. Late in the fall of 1820 the two boys decided to make the most of the fine weather and went off on a hike through the woods. As they trudged along, a flash of bright green in the roots of an overturned tree caught their attention. Closer scrutiny revealed it to be a transparent prism of stone. Neither



From 1890 to 1913, Mount Mica was visited by many who wished to know more about the lovely tourmaline crystals and specimens being mined

One-third of the world's recognized mineral varieties have been found in southwestern Oxford County along with numerous rarities which occur nowhere else.

Hamlin nor Holmes had ever seen anything like it before and they were excited abour their discovery. Both wanted to look for more crystals, but night was coming and they returned home with their treasure. Eagerly, they planned a return trip on the following day to explore the area more carefully. As luck would have it, the first snows of winter fell that night.

When spring arrived and the snow melted, the boys anxiously returned to the site of their discovery. When they reached the overturned tree which lay upon an erroded ledge, Hamlin and Holmes were greeted by a magnificent sight. Many, many colorful crystals were scattered about the ledge and they sparkled brightly in the sunlight.

The background of these multi-colored crystals was beautiful as well—it was composed of masses of purple lepidolite, pure white feldspar, smoky and white quartz crystals, blocks of mica, and large black crystals of columbite.

Excited as anyone would be in such circumstances, the lads gathered all the crystals and specimens they could possibly carry and returned to Paris Hill. These specimens caused a great deal of excitement in the small village and some people went to seek crystals of their own.

Puzzled though they were, nobody could identify the minerals. The boys were prompted to send several sample crystals to Professor Silliman at Yale University in hopes that he could identify them. He gladly and promptly let them know that they had found crystals of the rare mineral called tourmaline. Actual mining for tourmaline at Mount Mica began in 1822.

Thus, the boys' discovery triggered local mining which is still taking place at the present time. Mount Mica proved to be a worthy location, indeed, and became world famous for the fine quality tourmaline it has produced. The results of the mining done at Mount Mica precipitated the development of a dozen or so major quarries and countless smaller prospects in the area.

Until very early in the 1900's local mining was directed at the recovery of gem materials such as tourmaline. The only deviation from this was a brief attempt around 1880 to mine Mount Mica for mica on a commercial scale. At the turn of the century, however, there was a definite market demand for feldspar—a material known to be abundant in Oxford County. This would prove to be a valuable asset to Maine.

CLASS REUNION

Streamer festooned
and gay ballooned,
the old gymnasium tries
to look as it did years ago when
we were just sixteen.
The band plays "Honest and Truly"
as memory brings back again
that football-hero date,
so debonair and quite unruly,
who held me briefly in his arms
while casting prurient sheeps' eyes
at my best girl friend's charms.
He left me crushed, disconsolate:
my romance ended, theirs began.
They had to marry soon, I heard.
Eventually I married, too,
but to an ordinary gentle man.

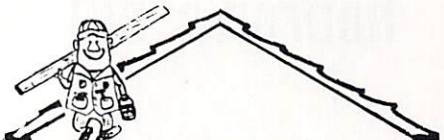
What changes passing time has wrought!
Among the crowd I recognized a few,
despite deep wrinkles and thin hair of gray.
Now who can this be,
appearing quite absurd
with turkey neck and belly like a pot,
false teeth that do not fit,
bald head and rheumy eyes that hardly see?
Is this my former dream-boat? I admit
that after all is said and done,
Oh, God, I am so glad *he* is the one
who got away!

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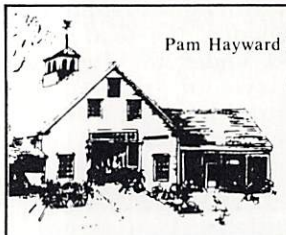
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hebron's bill rupert



STRAWBERRIES

He leans into a hoe in the strawberry patch; muscular, tanned, blonde-gray, a farmer. He has six and a half acres to hoe: wide-spaced, mulched strawberry beds. He usually works alone.

He's Bill Rupert of Hebron, who devotes his summer to growing pick-your-own strawberries on his acreage between East Hebron and North Auburn (only about 10% of his crop goes to commercial outlets).

Winter finds this rugged individualist involved in woods work or masonry, or sometimes carpentry, but from May on he prepares, tends, and mulches a crop which is only ripe for about a month (from the third week of June to the third week of July).

Bill Rupert, former teacher, prepares his strawberry fields carefully. He plants, as he is supposed to, and doesn't pick at all the first year. The second and third year those berries are pickable; the next year they're plowed under to alternate with winter rye or millet. By staggering plots across his acreage he keeps the soil viable and the beds productive.



"It's a perfect location here," he says, "high enough to be out of frost danger, but with plenty of water for irrigation." It also has plenty of something else common to all Maine farms: "Hebron's the rock capitol of the world." So he has a lot of equipment: a backhoe for digging up rocks, a tractor, a sprayer, and more. And, evidently, he has plenty of hoes.

It's a never-ending battle, keeping the weeds down and the rocks out. And it's a crop with a highly competitive market. "You have to stay on top of it all the time," says Rupert. "The price doesn't keep up with the cost of equipment, irrigation, etc." But over 75% of his clientele returns each year.

"People are pretty good pickers . . . but they pick a little too green."

His beds are specially laid out with wide aisles for comfortable picking and little damage to the plants. He alternates beds, opening one at 7 a.m., one at 8, another at 9—and one in the afternoon at 4, to keep from being picked out too soon.

And he raises several varieties with overlapping peak dates—early and middle season. Rupert is a careful man. Once a science major at college in Michigan, now he experiments with different methods and varieties. He keeps a close supervision on the training of the "kids" he hires to work the summer beds. "I haven't found anyone who knows how to hoe, yet."

By starting small, learning from his mistakes and not being afraid to change; by putting his profit back into equipment, Bill Rupert aims to have the best of pick-your-own strawberry fields. He understands the economics of farming; he knew the tremendous risk and expense involved; some of his family were farmers.

At Rupert's the picker can still buy by the quart (as opposed to the pound at most places) this summer. But Bill says the consumer doesn't know berries. "Strawberries are just like sweet corn," he stresses. "Everyone wants them earlier and earlier, when the best ones are the latest ones—they're littler, but sweeter. And most people don't know that the berries they can buy early in the supermarket don't have much taste because they're bred to be shipping berries—without sugar, so they'll last."

He likes to educate his customers' strawberry taste buds. "It's better to get a fresh berry that's a little tart and add sugar—there's more strawberry taste, less water.

"'Sparkle' is the only old-fashioned berry variety I still grow," he says. "The newer ones have higher yield." Rupert's aiming for more than 4000 quarts per acre.

His standards are high, both in the berry patch and in his winter occupation. "I have fun building houses," he says, "but I can't compete with cracker boxes. And I can't compete with high interest rates." So he may need a different winter job—as do many farmers.

He's built two houses for himself recently—one snug little stone cottage which he rents and a shingle house where he and his family now live.

His theory is "build smart, small, and structurally sound, to last 100 years." His own house is an excellent example: only 20 feet wide, easy to heat, but full of the feeling of soaring space and light.

He's an outdoors man. He likes to do what he wants and he relishes the battle with the elements. He also likes to provide good strawberries.

You'll find him in Hebron . . .but be patient and you'll finally pick the perfect sun-ripened strawberries to take home and drown in cream. Don't wait too long, though—Bill Rupert is seldom open for strawberries after the twentieth of July.

See next page for the perfect July and strawberry treat: ice cream recipes. *N.M.*

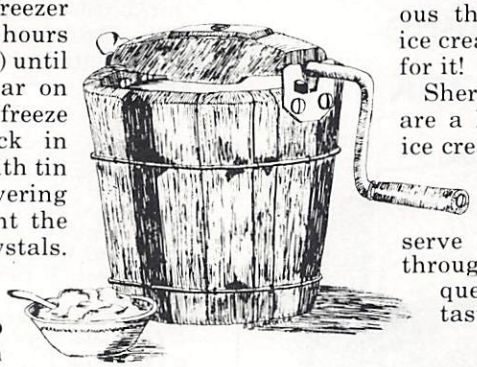
ICE CREAM

It's July, the middle of a hot, dry, dusty summer. What better way to find relief than something ice-cold: sherbet, ice cream or granités (ices)?

Not so long ago, the acceptable 4th of July picnic fare had to be topped off with ice cream—homemade, churned by hand by the kids taking turns on the back porch—and the churners got to lick the dasher.

If you've ever tasted homemade ice cream, you'll know how rare and delicious a treat it can be—well worth the hours it takes to make. It's a treat that's having a revival now. If you haven't dusted off the old hand-crank freezer, perhaps you've bought an electric ice-cream maker.

You don't even need fancy equipment—you can use your ice cube trays with great success, too. Make your recipe, pour it into freezer trays and put it in a freezer with a temperature of at least 0° F for two hours. Remove, beat with an electric mixer to break down crystals, then two minutes. Put it back into the freezer and repeat every two hours (or at least once more) until no ice crystals appear on the surface. Then freeze until firm and pack in covered containers with tin foil or plastic wrap covering the surface to prevent the re-formation of ice crystals.



If you're cranking by hand, there's a certain trick to packing an ice cream freezer properly, according to those who know: you need to keep a ratio of about 6-8 parts chopped ice (not cubes) to 1 part coarse rock salt (also known as "ice cream salt"). Once the ice cream container is placed in the tub and the crank is secure, fill tub one-third full of ice before adding any salt; then alternate salt and ice until full.

It's best to freeze slowly. By hand, turn slowly until you feel a slight pull, then turn more rapidly. When it's very difficult to turn, that's the right consistency. With electric freezers, follow the manufacturer's printed instructions.

From the late Betsey Newhall's *Advertiser-Democrat* column "Yankee Hanky-Panky In The Kitchen," came this favorite recipe:

Lemon Milk Sherbet

3 large lemons
2 cups sugar
1 quart of milk

Mix lemon juice and sugar, add gradually to milk (the curdled look will disappear in freezing). Chill mixture an hour or more. Scald freezer container and rinse with cool water before putting ice cream mixture into can.

When cranking, more ice and salt may have to be added as it melts down (use the same proportions). Once the ice cream or sherbet has hardened, take the dasher out, cover the can again and repack in freezer with 4 parts ice to 1 part salt; cover with newspapers or heavy cloth and let the ice cream set for an hour or so. No matter how torturous this part is, the ice cream is the better for it!

Sherbets and ices are a lighter form of ice cream, often made with gelatin or meringue. The French will serve them midway through a large banquet, to liven the taste buds.

Berry Ice

1-1/2 cups sugar *4 cups water*
2 pints (4 cups) fresh raspberries or strawberries
Juice of one-half lemon, strained
2 egg whites

Combine sugar and water in saucepan, stir 'til dissolved. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 5 min. Chill. Puree berries in a blender and stir into cold syrup, alternating with lemon juice. Pack and freeze 20 min. Meanwhile beat egg whites until they form meringue; stir into raspberry mixture with long-handled spoon. Replace cover and freeze at least 20 min. more. About 1/3 cup Grand Marnier may be

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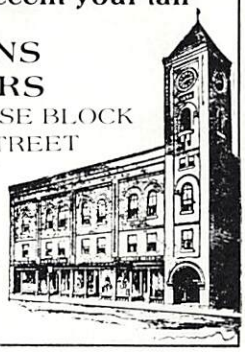
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added if wish. (Alcohol added means longer freezing times.)

Melon Sherbet

2 cups sugar
4 cups water
2 very ripe canteloupes or 4 cups any ripe melon (for instance, watermelon)
juice of 2 lemons, strained

Blend ingredients until smooth and sugar is dissolved. Freeze until mushy. Meanwhile make meringue of *3 egg whites, 1/2 cup sugar.* Spoon the merinque into fruit mixture, beat 'til smooth and freeze 6 hours. (In place of melon, try 2 15 oz. cans of apricot halves and 3/4 cups apricot nectar and 1 tsp. chopped preserved ginger.)

Basic Ice Cream Recipe

5 cups heavy cream
1 cup sugar

Fancy Ice Cream Recipe

3 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
6 egg yolks or 5 eggs, beaten
1 cup sugar

In double boiler, scald milk and/or cream. Beat egg yolks and sugar until light and fluffy and add to cream mixture. Simmer gently over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from heat and chill. Add your choice of flavor ingredients before freezing. (Makes 2 qts.)

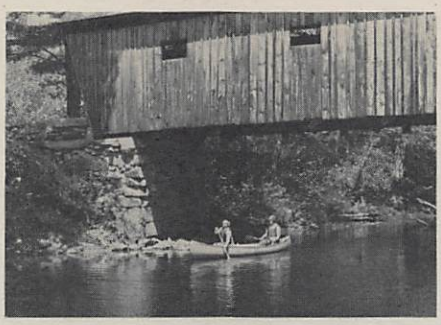
Flavors

Vanilla: *2 Tbsp. vanilla extract.*
Berry: *2 pints puréed berries.*
Pecan: *1 cup dark brown sugar substituted for white sugar in basic recipe; 2 cups chopped pecans.*
Peanut Butter: *1-1/2 cups*
Ginger: *1 cup chopped crystallized ginger.*
Banana Rum: *2 cups pureed bananas; 1/4 cup lemon juice; 2 Tbsp. rum extract or 1/4 cup rum.*
Apple Walnut: *1 cup dark brown sugar substituted for white sugar; 2 cups applesauce; 1 cup chopped walnuts.*
Orange Almond: *1 cup toasted slivered almonds; 1 Tbsp. grated orange rind; 1 tsp. almond extract.*
Cherry: *Decrease sugar to 1/2 cup; 1 1/2 cup red maraschino cherries with syrup, chopped; 1/3 cup cherry brandy or 2 Tbsp. brandy extract.*
Coffee Brandy: *1/4 cup brandy or 2 Tbsp. brandy extract; 1/4 cup creme de cacao or 2 Tbsp. coffee extract; 1 Tbsp. cocoa.*
Pina Colada: *1 can (8 oz.) crushed pineapple; 1 can (3-1/2 oz.) flaked coconut; 1 Tbsp. rum extract.*
Peach Melba: *2 cups peach or apricot purée; served with 1 cup grenadine or raspberry sauce drizzled over prepared ice cream while still in freezer.*

itself. You are guaranteed a good view of bank swallows and killdeer; with luck you'll see ducks, blue herons, and river otters. The rocky top of Andover Whitecap looms in the distance around almost every bend.

One of the prettiest times I went on that river was in early spring. Ice had formed along the surface of the river, and when the water level dropped about a foot, the ice was still attached to the bank at a higher level. The ice glistened, reflecting the bright sunlight of the day and casting rainbows on the water for our entire trip. The Ellis can also be canoed in the fall—it's a great place to watch the changing colors come alive.

Fishing and swimming are good on the Ellis. The temperature is always refreshing. (That's a good Maine word for COLD!) I would add a word of caution. The current is strong in the river. Many places are safe for small children to swim: shallow places near the sandy shoreline. Some of the deeper sections should be reserved for stronger swimmers. Several rope swings along the bank will facilitate the good swimmer's enjoyment of the river.



Jerry & Chris Hefley canoe under the Andover covered bridge on the Ellis

Access to the Ellis River

I like to start the trip at the scenic Covered Bridge in South Andover. There is a picnic area and campground on the east side of the river that makes a good put-in place. Another good beginning place is the bridge in Andover over the east branch of the Ellis, near where the road leads to South Arm. This section of the river is two and a half miles long and very secluded. The river winds around itself several times to get from the Covered Bridge to Howe Bridge in North Rumford in abour seven and a half miles. I usually figure about 3 hours for that stretch of the river. The section between Howe Bridge and the Rumford Point U.S. Route 2 bridge is another two and a half miles. Here the Ellis merges with the Androscoggin. The canoe trip can continue down the Androscoggin, depending on the type of canoeing and the length of trip desired. It is a pretty canoe from here towards Rumford, but not secluded as it follows the road.

Other Trips

No one is limited to just the two rivers I've already discussed. The Androscoggin River offers a pleasant flatwater canoe from Shelburne, New Hampshire, through Gilead, Bethel, and towards Rumford. I particularly enjoy the stretch between Gilead and West Bethel (about five miles). Not many houses are visible. There are many islands to canoe around. And in the fall, after a good frost, wild grapes can be picked at many places along the left bank. It is also a very good place to view the fall colors on the nearby mountains. Most days I'd be amazed at how clean the river looked and smelled.

Another nice river to canoe is the Little Androscoggin between West Paris and South Paris. The upper section from Greenwood City to West Paris needs high water but is fun quick-water canoeing. From West Paris down is a flat, peaceful section before Snow Falls. If you prefer, put in just below Snow Falls and canoe downstream to South Paris, taking out before the Route 117 bridge. It's a really nice stretch to watch birds.

A Continuing Hobby

Canoeing can be a good hobby for the whole family to enjoy—it's fun but it doesn't have to be expensive. Once you have a canoe, life jackets, and paddles, the only cost is gas to and from the rivers. Several local people sell canoes at a reasonable price. Another option to is buy a good used canoe or a rental canoe from a dealer. Canoeing is a three-season sport which can be done for one's lifetime. I hope you grow to enjoy it as much as we have. Happy paddling!

Jane Chandler lives in Woodstock with her husband Jim and two children.

(CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE)

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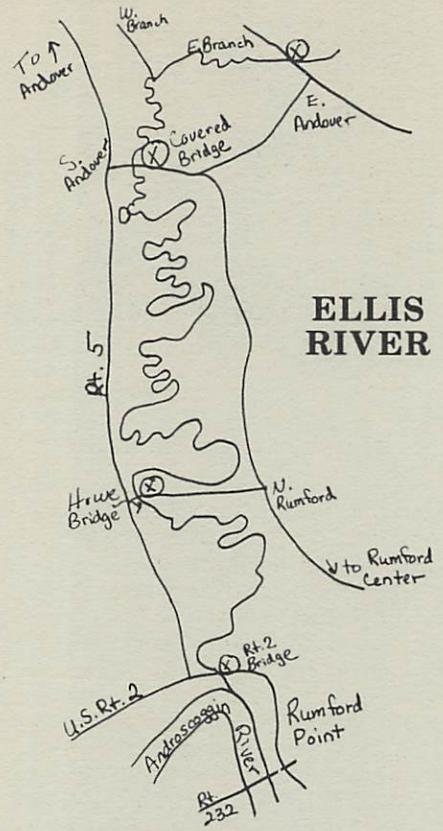
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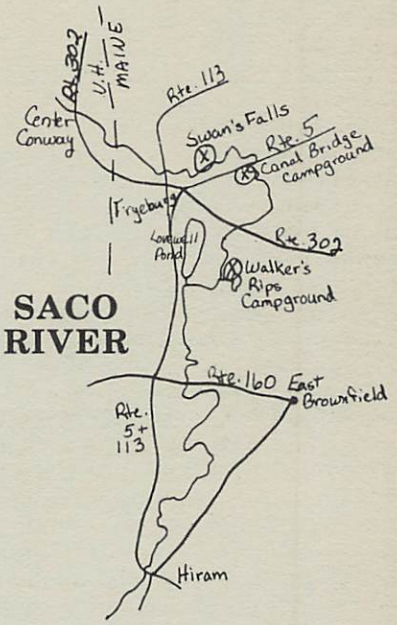
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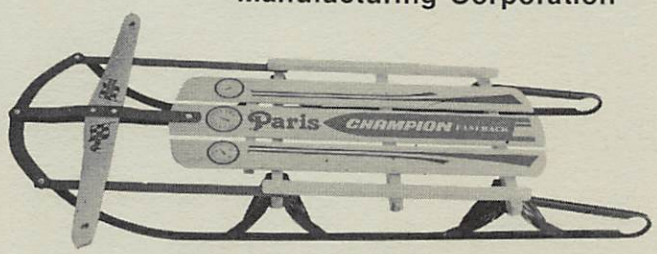
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12 Texas 2:00 p.m.	13	14	15	16 Minnesota 7:30 p.m.	17 Minnesota 7:30 p.m.	18 K.C. 8:35 p.m.
19 K.C. 2:35 p.m.	20 K.C. 8:35 p.m.	21 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	22 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	23 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	24 Minnesota 8:35 p.m.	25 Minnesota 2:15 p.m.
26 Minnesota 2:15 p.m.	27 K.C. 7:30 p.m.	28 K.C. 7:30 p.m.	29 K.C. 7:30 p.m.	30	31 Toronto 7:30 p.m.	

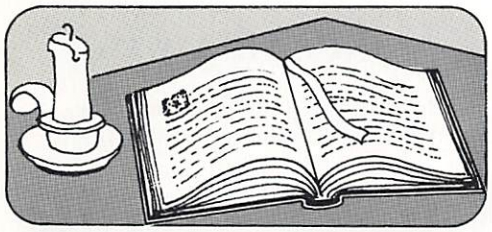
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Off The Shelf

by Wini Drag

Over To Home And From Away
Best of Maine Humor
edited by Jim Brunelle
Guy Gannett Publishing Co.
Portland, Maine, 1981, 309 pgs. $8.95

It's new, it's good, and it's all Maine—Maine humor, that is.

Brunelle, an editorial writer with the Guy Gannett papers, has compiled an anthology encompassing a century and a half of humorous writing and it's good reading.

Such names as Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Holman F. Day, and Seba Smith (the reputed father of Yankee humor), mingle with lesser-known names and all offer equally entertaining stories.

Despite John Gould's questioning introduction on the success of a "joke book," Brunelle has proven a large dose of Maine humor is easily digestible. Even an entire book of comic Maine tales can be absorbed at one sitting without fear of any ill effects, save perhaps a hurting side from laughing too much! I do agree with Gould, though, that the book is better read in bits and pieces. Sometimes several readings are necessary before the full impact of the subtle Maine humor can be appreciated. One of my favorites in the collection is "The Lure of the Great North Woods" by Kenneth Roberts. Better known for his carefully researched historical novels such as *Arundel* and *Rabble In Arms*, Roberts has written a wonderful tongue-in-cheek essay which should be read by all "serious" fishermen before venturing too far this side of the Kittery Bridge.

While some of the contributors are not generally classed as humorists, their contributions definitely can be classed as good humor. Edwin Arlington Robinson, the Gardiner-born poet who won the Pulitzer Prize for his epic poem, "Tristam," in 1927, writes of the sad character of "Minniver Cheevy." It's not funny-funny, but it has that quality of irony that is indicative of Maine humor.

The obvious thing about Maine humor is that it's not so obvious. It rather creeps up on you and whacks you hard from behind.

Some of the current newspapermen featured, among them Kent Ward, Peter Agorafiotis, and Don Federman, remind us that Maine people can still laugh at themselves (and their neighbors) whether facing a gasoline shortage, encroaching housing developments, or the old stand-bys of politics, domestic "intranquility," and the value of a dollar.

Again quoting from the introduction of Joh Gould (who, incidentally contributed a terrific essay on Maine weather): "Here we've had these jokers in Maine all these years and didn't know they were philosophers, teachers, inaugurators, moralists—and geniuses." It's a book that could be added to the literature class with good results.

The only part I had trouble with was the political satire of William R. Pattangall. Yet, admittedly, if he were practicing law today he could add a lot of color to the political scenario.

Pattengall's stinging one-liners and letters home to the newspaper from the fictional correspondent Stephen A. Douglas Smith (fashioned after Seba Smith's Major Jack Downing) proved very effective in breaking the GOP's grip on the state in the 1930's.

Whether you are, as contributor Pete Daly aptly describes them, a *Mainiac rusticus* (true Mainer) or "from away," this is a good book to have in hand this summer. The selections from more than thirty writers are a fine potpourri of enjoyable, easy reading.

*****

The Little Locksmith
Katherine Butler Hathaway
Coward-McCann, Inc.
New York, New York, 1943, 237 pgs.

Another book I'm recommending for your summer reading is **The Little Locksmith**. Though out-of-print, it is available through the libraries and antiquarian bookshops.

Too often an autobiography ends up as a dull recital of chronologically arranged events or an elaborate name-dropping account of one's life to date. This isn't true of **The Little Locksmith** which, although autobiographical, is a fascinating, absorbing, and disturbingly revealing picture of the author's struggle to build an independent life.

She was stricken with tuberculosis when she was five (1895). Her father, a professor at Boston University, consulted the best doctors of the day and little Katharine was strapped to a stretcher for the next ten years to keep her from being hunchbacked.

That word was never mentioned in the home. Katharine's mother would only say the reason for her unusual confinement was to prevent her from being like the locksmith who frequently came to their house. She had eyed the locksmith with a sideward glance and secretly feared the feature, but she felt a close affinity with him.

Only her hands and arms were moveable. But nothing could fetter her curious mind and she spent many happy hours writing, drawing, and reading.

The story focuses on her finding and restoring a beautiful old home in Castine, overlooking Penobscot Bay. Woven throughout is the metamorphosis of her experiences leading up to this major step of independence at age 34.

Poignant descriptions of watching her brothers and sister play around her bed or, later, observing the attractive young girls her brothers escorted to the theatre are almost embarrassingly too honest. It's a difficult book in places as she faces emotions most of us tend to ignore.

"The intense pleasure that I felt while I watched and listened and adored was equalled by the bewilderment and distress of knowing I was locked and hidden away in a prison where they could never see me or know I was there; for I thought of myself as a responsive, gay, and brilliant woman who was sitting in front of them disguised as a little oddity, deformed and ashamed and shy."

In review at the time of the book's

publication, Christopher Morley writes, "Parts of the book are troubled reading for those who prefer not to look too closely on emotion, but I give you a very wrong impression of I don't mention its superlative gaiety and humor, too."

This shines through where she offers insights into summer visitors to Castine—and into her friendships.

At thirty she decided definitely to be a writer. She started writing stories and poems for the Atlantic Monthly while a student at Radcliffe. In fact, this book was first serialized in the Atlantic Monthly and was not in book form until after her death.

The only place I felt the book was lacking was in the epilogue when one brief sentence mentioned her husband, Don Hathaway. It does not fit with her earlier feelings and struggles of love and lovers. I wonder if perhaps that part was written or revised after her death. Or, it might be the one hidden area so valued in her life that she wished not to share it yet.

A long editorial in the Boston Globe said of the book's publication: "No words can convey the fascination and charm of this story. It is a powerful revaluation of spiritual truth, won by experience of the two worlds: the world seen and the world unseen. The writing itself is a sheer delight for its own sake, as finely-wrought as an incised gem giving off rays of varied hues as you turn it now this way, now that . . . A woman capable of an achievement in life so superb, and a work so delicately wrought, does not need praise, for she has outgrown it. Besides, it is too late. Katharine Butler Hathaway died at Salem on last Christmas Eve." (She was fifty-two.)

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ONCE THEY WERE



By a garden gate, sagging now,
Aged by summer sun and winter
snows
Lays a broken spade,
A rusted bucket.

How many times
In ages past
Have eyes waited patiently
For an absent hand
To push wide the gate
With its rasping creak
Announcing to the world
The arrival of a
Long awaited loved one.

Who?
Once used the now-broken spade
To overturn rich, black earth
In preparation of a garden,
Once a place of beauty
Faded now, and grown to weeds.

The rusted bucket?
Did it once swing rhythmically
On the arm of a carefree youth
Bound for a distant berry patch
Where, between gobbled bites
Of purple dark blue fruit
The pail filled slowly
'Til an appeased appetite
Hastened the pail-filling process?

Was the now-abandoned container
Often plunged
Deep down in a clear, bubbling spring
To be brought up, brim-full
Of clean, sparkling, cold water
To quench the thirst
Of man and beast alike?

Or does the broken spade
And rusted bucket
By the sagging gate
Represent the rubble
Of a day, long gone
And nothing more?

No! This cannot be
For human hands
Once moved the gate,
The spade, the bucket
Performing mankind's
Endless train of daily chores,
To meet life's simpler needs.

Each discarded object
Once a silent witness
To the hopes, fears, loves,
Hates and frustrations
That comprise
The destiny of all mankind.

Charles E. Johnson
South Paris

Crooked River, a stone's throw from the locks.

As the *Ethel* is skillfully maneuvered into the locks, the gate attendant slowly swings the massive gate behind the craft. Since it is by now late afternoon and everyone is thirsty and thoroughly famished, you are invited to join the captain and crew to enjoy a repast of savory baked beans and hot biscuits, washed down by tall mugs of cider.

The captain smacks his lips after taking a long draught of cider. "Now, ain't that just the smoothest stuff ever to come out of a barrel? Yes, it be!"

The good-natured banter that follows a hearty meal is interrupted by the sound of a horn announcing the approach of a boat. Conveniently, the boat is coming upriver, so that as the lock tender opens the lower gate to admit the *Ethel* down to the level of the river below the falls, the upcoming boat is poled into the lock. Once through the lower gate, the endless tramping sounds made by the crew is resumed. You try to calculate the number of miles each must walk during the four mile trip down the river that in places almost doubles back on itself.

One of the crewmen comments in somewhat of a querulous tone, "If them Irishmen ken dig a ditch all t'way from Putland ter Sebagy, I'll be damned if I don't see t'way they don't get 'em ter come up and take the crooks outa this damn river. Why t'way th'crow flys, t'ain't more'n two miles!"

Since the two are close to the helm, the captain overhears the complaint. "Trouble is, Ethan, we ain't no crows, so keep a'polin'. Besides, ain't ya seed enough of them furriners ter know we don't need none a'that lot up thisaway?"

Darkness rapidly descends upon the river and swallows up the vessel. There is no moon—only a myriad of stars and the tall trees along each side of the river bank forming a silhouette against the dusky sky. Except for the tramping of the crew's feet, an occasional creaking or groaning of the *Ethel*, or the cry of a night hawk, the sylvan world seems to be totally engulfed in utter quietude.

Suddenly there is a resounding crack that is almost as sharp as a clap of thunder. You are thoroughly startled, and your heart begins to pound. You are amazed to note that the monotonous sound of the crews' footsteps continues uninterrupted. Is it possible that they did not hear? You run aft to where the captain stands complacently at the helm smoking his pipe. When you inquire about the sound, the captain chuckles. "'Twant nothin' but an old male beaver that come up to the but to greet us by whackin' his tale on the surface of the water," he replies. "Hell a'mighty, it happens all th' time," he snickers.

There is now a crispness in the air. You begin to feel weary from a long day's voyage and head for the small cabin. That captain has a fire going in the stove, and the heat feels radiant. The chill which seemed a moment ago to have penetrated the very marrow of your bones quickly vanishes. You stretch out on a bunk assigned to you and drift off to sleep.

You are suddenly startled out of a deep slumber by the scraping of feet as the captain and the two young men enter the cabin. There is a sound of wind and waves lapping against the sandy shore. Despite your drowsiness, you become aware that the *Ethel* has arrived at the mouth of the Songo, and just behind the sand bar lies the broad expanse of mighty Lake Sebago. It is still night. The *Ethel* has been secured to a small dock behind the sand bar. The captain and crew are exhausted, and the sounds of deep breathing become audible almost as soon as they lie down in their bunks. It will soon be daylight and time to traverse the long expanse of water that makes up Sebago Lake, providing, of course, that the waves are not too high.

continued next month

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Can You Place It?

No one wrote to identify last month's picture, loaned to us by Mrs. Gertrude Carroll. It was taken in front of the Titus house on Main Street in South Paris (across from McDonald's and the Gulf station) and it was a man known to her only as "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man." He used to show up in town every once in a while—sometimes with a monkey, sometimes without—and would usually stop at her mother's house for a meal. If you can identify this month's picture, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268.



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At left is a sample of the letterhead from Caswell's Store in Harrison—the May **Can You Place It?** It was sent to us by Edward Tarbox of Harrison.

. . . Page 4 Ayah

DELIGHTED

I met with your delightful magazine for the first time yesterday, in "Readers' World" bookstore, North Conway. It is a publication I would not wish to miss on future months, so I hasten to send along my check for a subscription.

William Fennell
North Conway, N.H.

THROWING ROCKS

Your story on out-of-state drivers brought back memories of an evening in Gray, Maine. We had stopped at a small restaurant for dinner when some young natives (all of whom seem to possess an uncanny ability to spot non-Mainers) were discussing the day's activities in voices just loud enought to be overheard: "After supper, let's go down to the turnpike bridge and throw rocks at Massachusetts cars . . ." Just the thoughts of which brought rounds of laughter. I enjoy BitterSweet and would love to be close enough to get "shot at."

Maurice Gartons
Vail, Colorado

SHAKERS

I want to congratulate you and your staff on the excellent May issue of BitterSweet. I especially enjoyed the article about the Shakers, for which you must have done considerable research. The story of Daniel Webster is also of much interest and I am looking forward to the next installment.

Evelyn Rich
Eugene, Oregon

NEW LOOK

The "new look" of BitterSweet (April '81) caught my eye at the supermarket the other day. Take it from an ex-New York art director, the bright yellow photo on the soft blue field was a stroke of genius. I am sorry that no one has taken the time to write you about it. I would have written even if I didn't have an axe to grind.

I like your story about the pooch who answered to any and all names (Jim, Keil, April). I have written and illustrated several children's stories which are intended to be read to children by grandparents (not as narrow a field as one might think). The notion is to entertain the budding reader without embarrassing the doting one.

Robert L. Monahon, Sr.
Limerick

Ed. Note: *Mr. Monahan's delightful story about Beano the Pitcher and the Baking Snake —complete with his excellent illustration—appears in this issue. Ayah, and we're pretty proud of the talented artists available to us on the Western Maine Graphics staff.*

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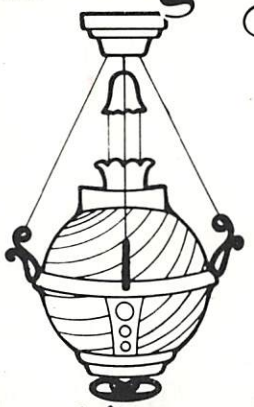
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